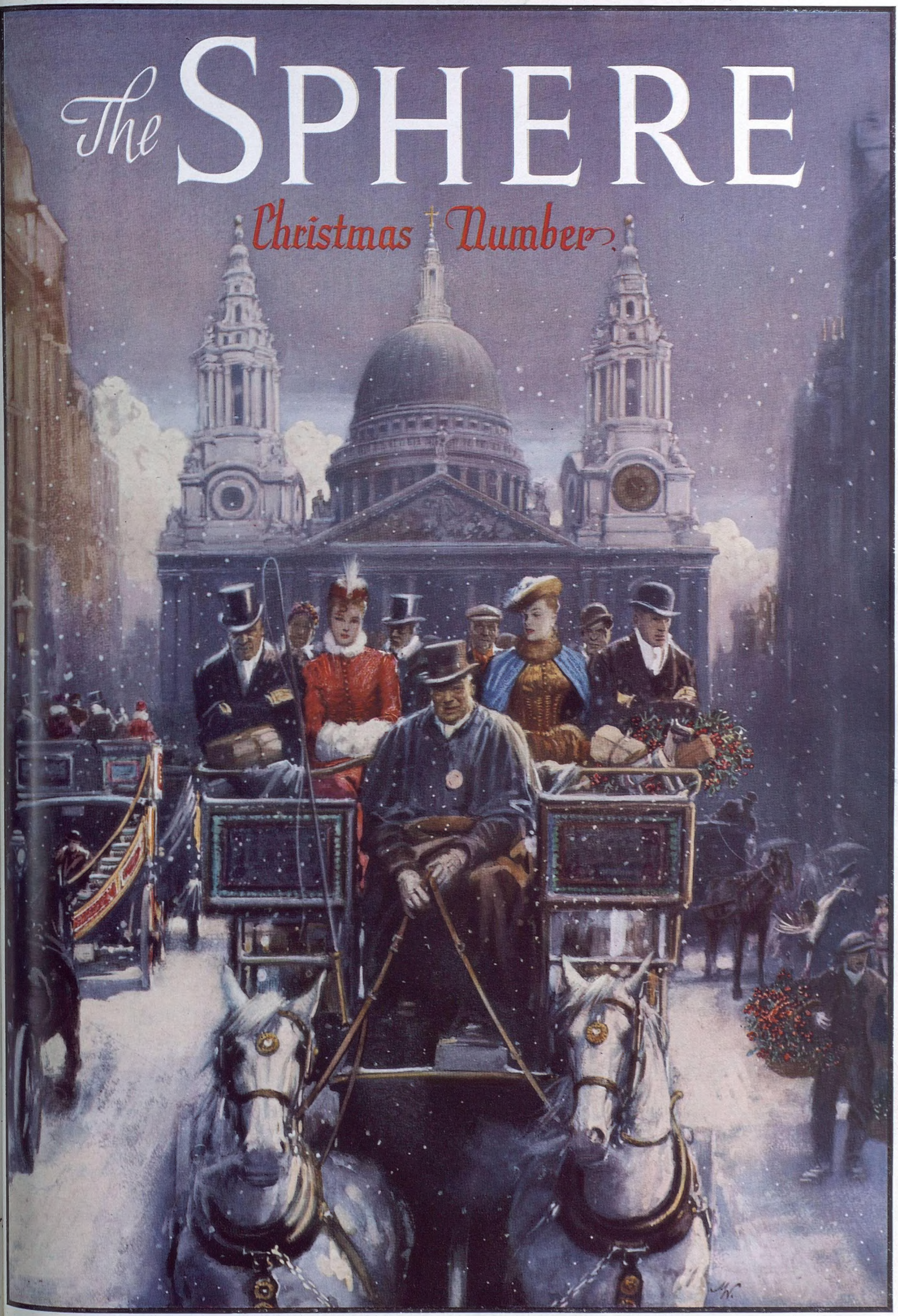
VOL. CCXXXIX, No. 3101a

THE SPHERE, 1959

With which are incorporated "BLACK & WHITE" and "GRAPHIC"

The SPHERE

Christmas Number



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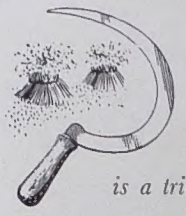

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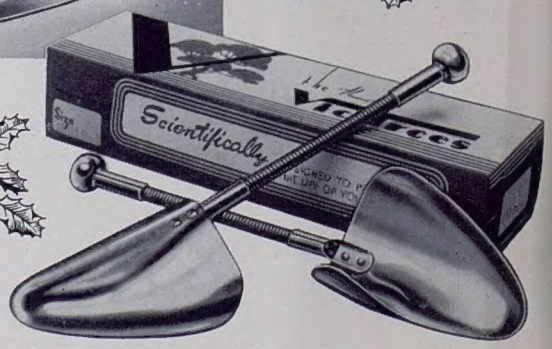

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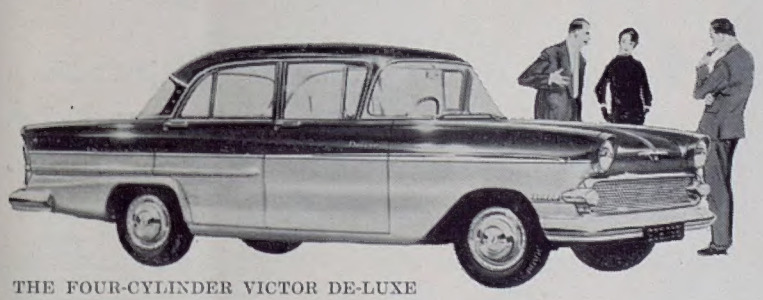

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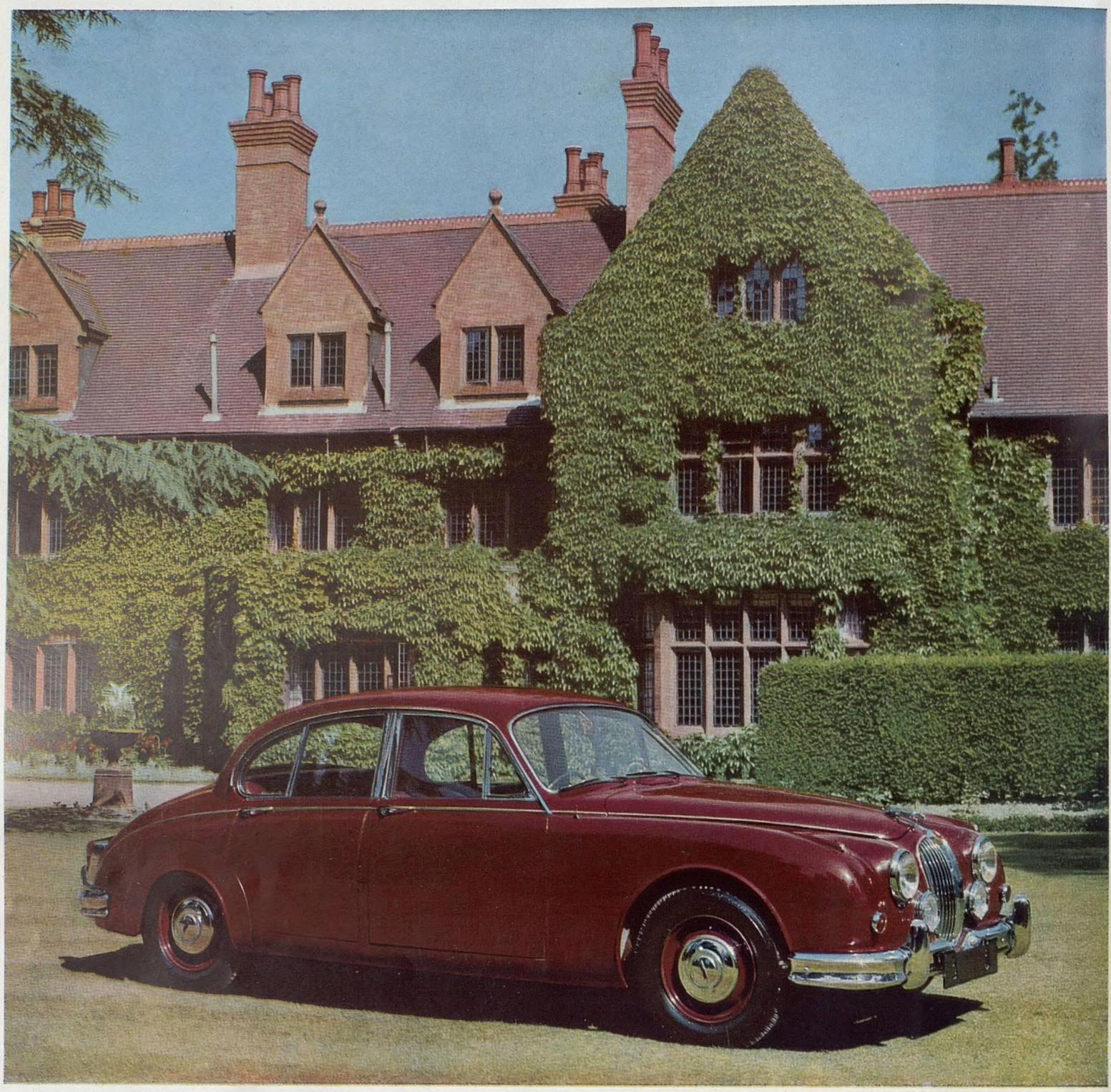

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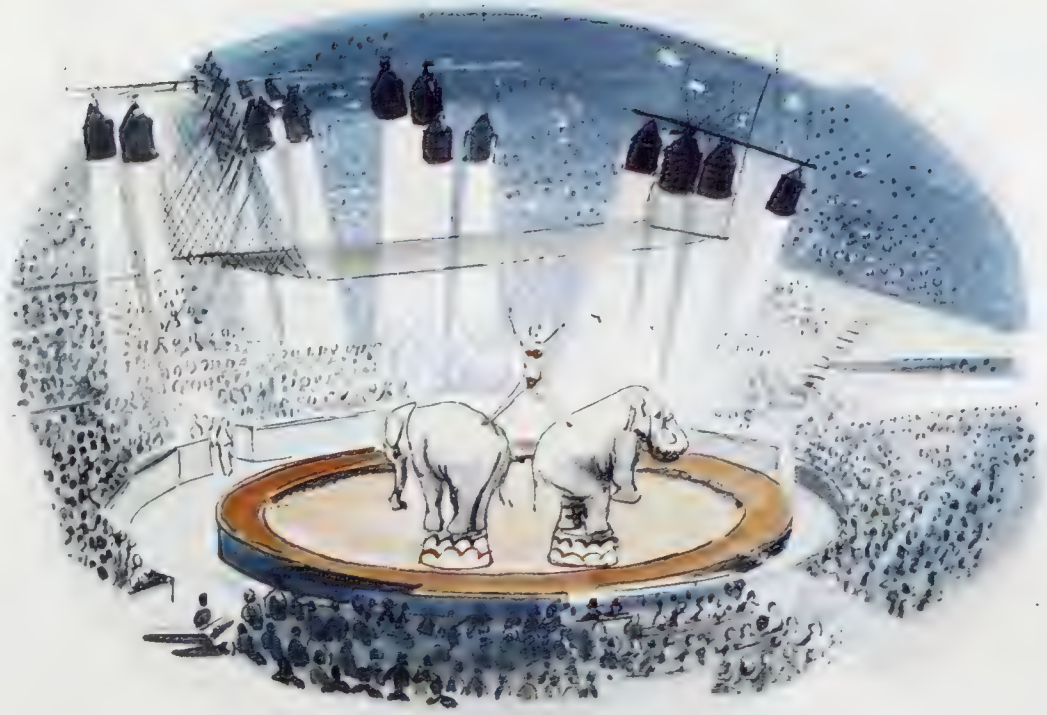
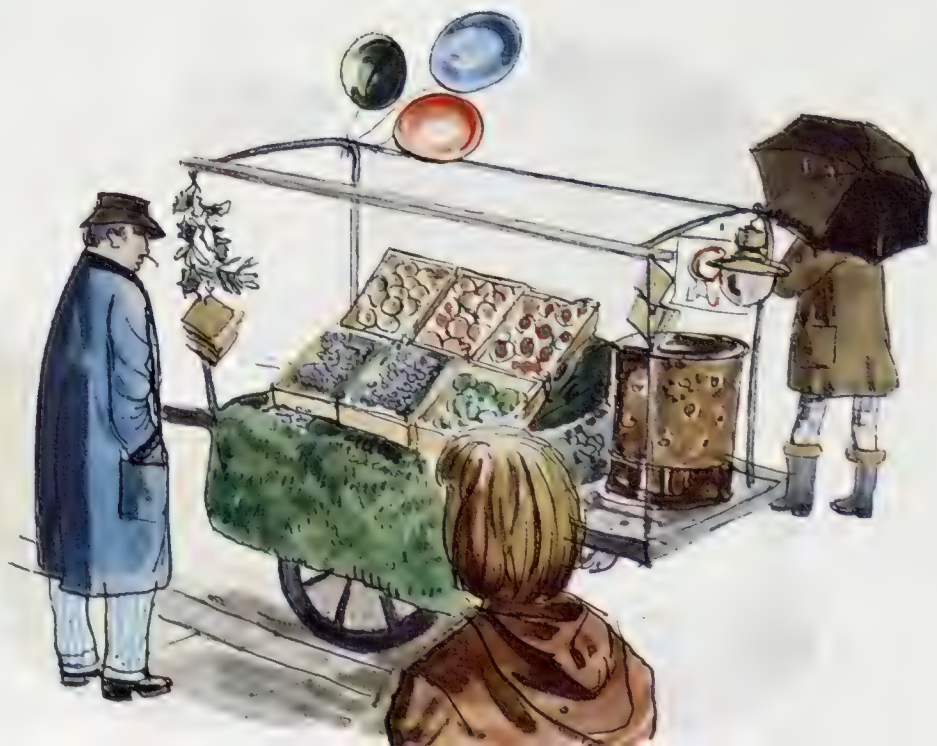
On right—
A performer stands on the backs of two elephants under the arc lights at the circus. The circuses in London are one of the great "draws" for adults and children at Christmas time. Each year the programmes combine a mixture of the traditional favourites—such as elephants or clowns—with new and spectacular turns



Christmas trees arrive at the market in Covent Garden. On the left is the portico of St. Paul's, "the actors' church," designed by Inigo Jones and rebuilt in the original style after a fire in 1795. In the background are some of the buildings of Henrietta Street

On right—
A street-trader's stall offering its wares for Christmas—fruit of various kinds, balloons, holly, mistletoe and roast chestnuts. A lamp hangs on the right to light it in the evening. The drawing was made in the Strand. Similar stalls are to be seen in many other streets of the West End



"The Broken Glass"

THE ART OF JAN EVERSEN

The pictures on these pages were exhibited at this year's Summer Exhibition of the Royal Academy of Arts at Burlington House, London.

Below: *"Old Tiles"*

"*Books and Shells*" (*Reproduced by permission of Mr. Louis Martineau*)

The work of the Dutch artist, Jan Eversen, on view during the Summer Exhibition of the Royal Academy at Burlington House in London, elicited much comment. His still-lifes, painted in the tradition of the old Dutch masters, demonstrate a technical felicity and virtuosity in the techniques of oil painting. They show a predominant concern with the surfaces of objects, especially with those reflecting light. Under this strong light, the textures of glass, metal, wood and fabric are treated with loving care. Much of the artist's still-life work has a *trompe l'œil* effect; the composition and placing of the various objects in relation to each other are carefully thought out. Perhaps it could be said that the hallmark of the great period of Dutch interior and still-life painting is the pre-eminent desire of the artists to translate the subject in terms of the technique of oil painting.

Born at The Hague in 1900, Jan Eversen received his Teacher's Certificate for drawing while still at school. He then obtained a post with the Shell Oil Company, working for them until 1935, spending the last seven years of this period in Venezuela. He took up painting as a hobby in 1930 and became so absorbed in it that he decided to adopt painting as a profession; after spending two years in London studying at Heatherley's School of Art, he returned to Holland, having spent all his savings. After setting up as a professional artist in The Hague, he had a one-man exhibition there in 1938. The proceeds were just sufficient to pay for the cost of the exhibition.

At this time Jan Eversen was under the influence of the Impressionist styles of painting, in particular Van Gogh and Matisse. But he came to the conclusion that he had not found his true *métier*, realising that he was getting nowhere. He decided that if he were to be able to express himself to the fullest extent, he must acquire a high degree of technical skill and become master of his craft. Setting himself the task of finding out as much as possible about the techniques of painting in oil and something of the methods of the Old Masters, and what they had written on the subject (unfortunately not very much), and studied their work in museums and art galleries.

Working in the studios of picture restorers in The Hague he learnt how to restore old oil paintings and gained an insight into the methods by which the pictures were built up in successive layers of paint. He went to grind his own colours and prepare panels and canvases. Even house painters were a source of information on the fundamentals of using paint. After many years he came to the conclusion that there was no such thing as a magic medium of pigment that would solve all the struggling artist's problems. The secret of the masters was that their skill was born out of hard work, patience, and love for their craft. They used the simplest of materials, like oil, turpentine and varnish.

Still-lifes offer excellent opportunities to study the technique of working in oils. For many years Jan Eversen has concentrated on this kind of picture. He has found that the play of light on a well-arranged composition of beautiful and interesting objects is a continual source of inspiration. What he has since called his first presentable still-life, in his new manner, was sent to the Royal Academy in 1939, where it was accepted, and eventually bought by a Swedish collector. Unfortunately it was at this point that Jan Eversen was caught up in the turmoil of the war. He served in the Dutch army until 1940. The remaining war years became a struggle to keep out of the hands of the Germans and to get enough to eat. At first he had a Government commission to restore war-damaged medieval murals, but this soon ended. It became no longer possible to obtain painting materials and his hoard of them was exhausted. Drawing became his main occupation, particularly during the periods when he was in hiding to avoid searches and round-ups.

In 1948, he took up portrait painting again. He found a great deal of pleasure in the improvement in these after spending so many years acquiring technical facility. The sales of his still-lifes increased and a number of commissions came his way, culminating in a request to paint Princess Marijke in 1955. By 1954, he was able to afford to build his own house equipped with a large, well-lit studio, in Ede, a small country town, where he has continued to live.

In 1956 he achieved a signal success. Three still-lifes, submitted to the Royal Academy, were all sold on the first day of the exhibition. Since then he has exhibited regularly at Burlington House. He has visited England frequently, sometimes to execute portrait commissions, and whenever possible to paint landscapes of the English countryside. This, he considers, is the loveliest in the world.

The paintings of Jan Eversen are rarely mentioned by critics in Great Britain, but all of his paintings exhibited at successive exhibitions at the Royal Academy have been sold within a few days. Without entering into the stormy and controversial arguments of modern representational and non-representational art, it is obvious that the Dutch artist's works have a genuine and widespread appeal. Jan Eversen himself admires many modern artists; but comparison between him and an abstract or "ism" painter would be sterile.

Rather it is valuable to stress the links between these meticulous still-lives and those of seventeenth-century Dutch artists, a group of specialists in still-life, of whom Willem Claesz Heda may be chosen as representative. His depiction of silver-ware, glass, oysters, lemons and cloth is held together by the careful placing of the objects in relation to each other and to the frame of the picture. The intense interest in the play of light on these objects and the reflections on varied surfaces stamps the work as Dutch Baroque.

These early seventeenth-century paintings are often called banquet still-lives. Their genesis may be traced back through Dutch family portraits of the sixteenth century, where the figures are seen in solidly delineated everyday settings. Perhaps the finest of these is Hans Holbein the Younger's portrait of George Gisze, painted in 1532, where the books, flowers, accounts, money and trinkets, surrounding the self-assured young man, are painted with unhurried precision, adding to the well-planned order. Jan Eversen takes his place in this tradition stretching back several centuries.

CHERRY RIPE

A span of some eighty years separates Millais' "Cherry Ripe" and Lady Wheeler's portrait of "Edith Ossorio" (Signora de Paula Ossorio). The model is the same and Signora de Ossorio may well be unique in the annals of art.

The painting "Cherry Ripe" has had a curious history. In 1879 little Edie Ramage, the niece of the Editor of the *Graphic* (which is now incorporated in THE SPHERE), went to the periodical's fancy dress ball impersonating Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Penelope Boothby." J. E. Millais, one of the most fashionable artists of the day, painted her in this costume and the picture was used by the *Graphic* in its Christmas Number for 1880.

Reproduced in fourteen colours, "Cherry Ripe" was wildly popular. The 400,000 copies printed of the Christmas Number could not meet the demand from the public all over the world and a special reissue was made of the plate by itself of 50,000 copies. In the years immediately after, the picture was further popularised in engravings by several artists, notable among them being Samuel Cousins, R.A.

Yet by the turn of the century Millais' masterpiece had been almost completely forgotten. The reason for this was Sir Joseph Robinson, the South African gold multi-millionaire and a man of somewhat eccentric habits. He was a most judicious collector of paintings and the walls of his house in London were adorned by works by artists of genius such as Rembrandt, Murillo and Gainsborough. Around 1900 he purchased "Cherry Ripe" and it joined the treasures in the Robinson residence in Park Lane which were seen only by privileged eyes. In 1910 the collection was put into store where it remained unseen by the public until 1958.

"Edith Ossorio," by Muriel Wheeler, wife of Sir Charles Wheeler, the President of the Royal Academy, was exhibited in London this year. As a child Signora de Ossorio sat as "Cherry Ripe" for Millais. She came to London last year when the Millais painting was shown in the Sir Joseph Robinson Exhibition

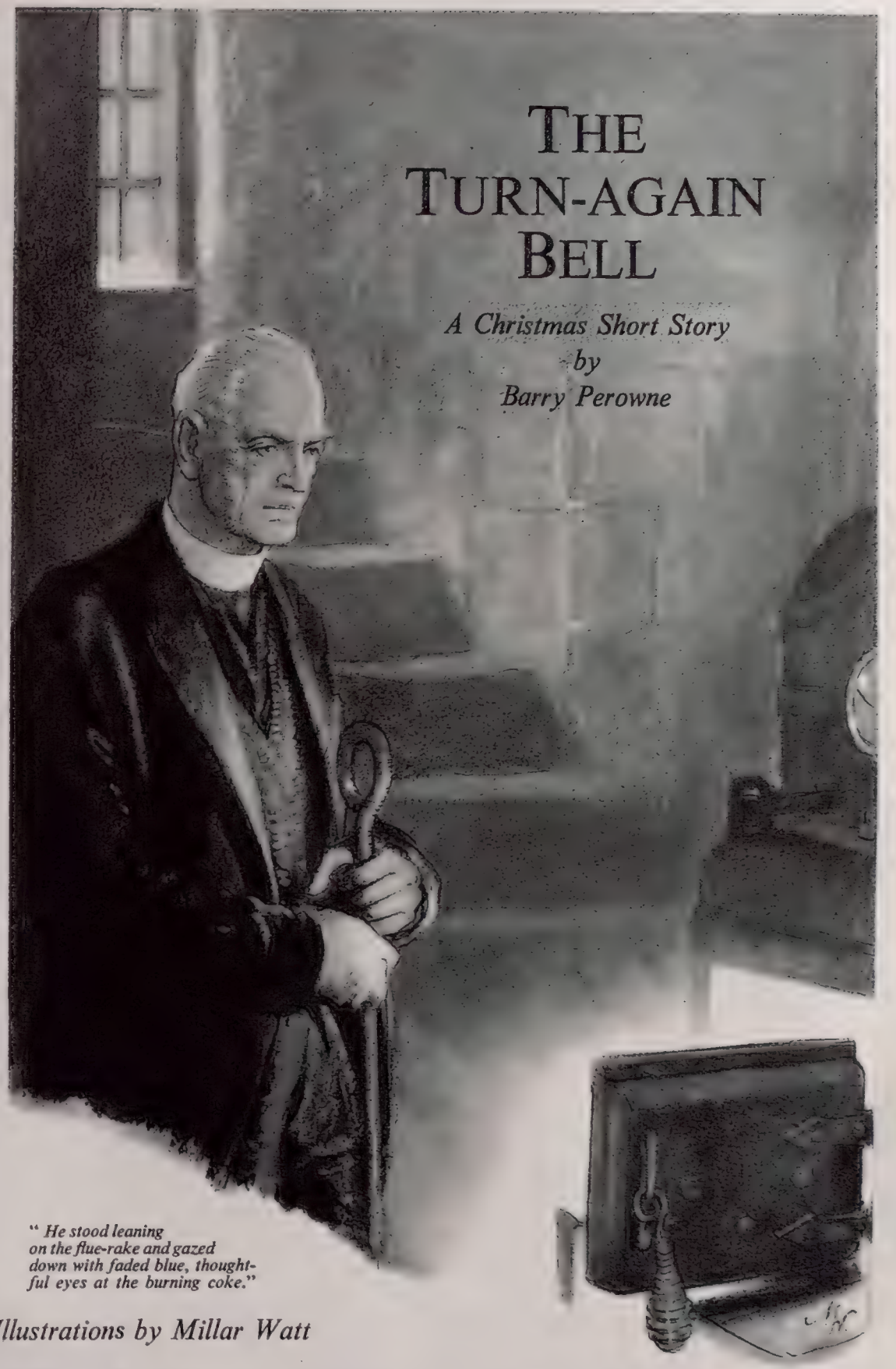
Eighteen months ago the Royal Academy held an exhibition at Burlington House of the Robinson pictures, prior to their despatch to South Africa. In such an array of genius Millais took a second place but several of his works on view attracted attention from those interested in a highly competent artist with a remarkable sense of colour whose reputation had suffered an undeserved slump. Widespread interest in the painter was certainly revived by a notice which appeared in the Press. This stated that the Royal Academy wished to contact the lady who sat for "Cherry Ripe." It was believed that she had actually visited the Robinson Exhibition but the Academy officials had failed to contact her. As one of them put it "We know Bubbles; it would be nice to know Cherry Ripe also."

There were claims made for the title on behalf of several people. This was not surprising for there were legends in several families of relatives having sat for Millais. Since he painted numerous children memory may have become somewhat confused over the precise occasions. With the appearance of Signora de Paula Ossorio the question was settled. She had been four-and-a-half years old when, as Edie Ramage, she sat for the painting. She made a special journey from her home in the country to identify herself to the Academy officials.

A few months ago, for the second time in her life, Signora de Ossorio sat for her portrait to be painted. The artist was Lady Wheeler, the wife of Sir Charles Wheeler, the President of the Royal Academy. The picture which was shown at the exhibition in London last summer of the Society of Women Artists has been given by the artist to Madame de Ossorio.

On facing page—

"Cherry Ripe," by John Everett Millais, was painted in 1879. The uncle of the model was the editor of the Graphic *(which is now incorporated in* THE SPHERE*) and in* 1880 *the picture was a main feature of that paper's Christmas Number. The* 400,000 *copies printed of the issue were quickly sold out and a special reissue of the Millais plate by itself was made to meet the public demand*



THE TURN-AGAIN BELL

A Christmas Short Story

by

Barry Perowne

"He stood leaning on the flue-rake and gazed down with faded blue, thoughtful eyes at the burning coke."

Illustrations by Millar Watt

THE small, flint-built, eleventh-century church, with its square Norman tower, stood isolated on a knoll overlooking a wide common. It was the day before Christmas Eve and the early darkness was closing in. On the mounds and stones of the churchyard the snow lay deep. The yew trees stood black and white in the freezing stillness.

In the cellar under the church, the furnace glowed snugly red and threw the Rector's shadow slanting across the wall. The furnace was old and cranky and, now that he had managed to get it working properly for once, the Rector was reluctant to leave its warmth.

He stood leaning on the flue-rake and gazed down with faded blue, thoughtful eyes at the burning coke. A tall, white-haired man, his leathery face and gaunt build were the legacy of many years spent tramping the lanes, fields and bridlepaths, in fair weather and foul, of his straggling, sparsely-populated parish.

He was a widower and he was thinking about his three sons. He was seeing them, pictured there in the red depths of the furnace, as small boys addicted to wigwams, catapults, and tadpoles in jars of duckweedy water. There was a girl in the picture, a grey-eyed, russet-pigtailed small girl with scratched knees, a hanger-on of the three boys, an adhesive nuisance who trailed them round wherever they went.

He smiled slightly to himself as the small, blue flames danced over the crackling coke.

He saw his sons grown lankier, graduated to guns and fishing-rods and, resigned to the presence of that inevitable girl, extending to her the priceless boon of their masculine tolerance.

A burning cinder fell from the furnace and the Rector pushed it under the grating with his flue-rake.

In the fire, he saw his sons more or less grown up, no longer just tolerating that girl, who had grown into a very pretty girl indeed, but arguing fiercely among themselves, even fighting ferociously, for the privilege of taking her on some expedition or other in a dangerous, noisy racing car which they had jointly constructed.

"All those rows about Iris," muttered the Rector. "Scandalous!"

To complicate matters, the girl's father, Stephen Colvey, had been divorced from his first wife. He had lived, in those days, in a different part of the country. When he had sought to marry again, the vicar there, a man of strong views about divorce, had declined to officiate at the ceremony. Colvey, also a man of strong views, had sworn never to set foot inside a church again in any circumstances. He had married the girl, who had become Iris's mother, in a registrar's office, and he loathed and abominated clergymen.

In consequence, when he had moved into the Rector's parish, he had done his utmost, first to keep his only daughter away from the Rectory boys, then to keep the Rectory boys away from his only daughter. But he was a busy man, a company director, away from home a good deal, and Iris's mother was unprejudiced and good-humoured; and school holidays were long and kids were kids. So Colvey never had had a hope, really, and the Rector often had wondered how it would all come out in the end.

He had the answer, now.

(*Continued on following pages*)

THE TURN-AGAIN BELL

(*continued from previous page*)

They all had gone their ways, those young people—Iris to a job in London, Donald into the Navy, Douglas to farm in Canada, Derwent to pump Persian oil. But Iris now was home to spend Christmas with her parents, and Donald would be arriving shortly, on leave. And the Rector was to marry Iris and Donald, in the church here, on Boxing Day. And that was the answer.

The Rector was very well pleased with it—delighted, in fact. He took out his watch, peered at it in the furnace-glow. He was wearing a clerical collar, an old cardigan, pepper-and-salt tweed trousers tucked into rubber boots. Iris, with that taste early instilled in her by his vigorous sons, had a racy little car of her own now. She had gone in it to meet Don's train, at the town ten miles away.

"Surely you 're coming with me?" she had asked the Rector.

"No, my dear, I 've a lot of things to do," he had told her. "I 'll expect you both at the rectory about teatime."

He had felt that they would like to have their meeting to themselves. But he saw that it was pretty well teatime now and, hanging up the flue-rake, he put on his jacket, wound his voluminous scarf round his neck. He shovelled some more coke into the furnace. He wanted the church reasonably warm over Christmas, if possible. How they had got on in the eleventh century, he couldn't imagine. Hardier congregations, perhaps.

He adjusted the damper and hoped that the fire would keep in all night, but there was no telling. Like everything else, from the cellar here to the belfry, the furnace was in urgent need of repair. He went up the cellar steps into the vestry. In the pitch darkness, he felt for his coat and cap, put on the coat, took his flash-lamp from the pocket.

He went into the dark church, where the whiteness of the snow, drifted deep on the sills outside, gave to the tall, stained-glass windows a faint, ghostly radiance. A few of his diminutive congregation, including Iris, had dressed a Crib, and he shone his light on to it for a moment, thinking what a great pity it was that Stephen Colvey refused to walk up the aisle with his only daughter and give her away. It wasn't a chance he was likely to have again; to a man with an only daughter, it happened once in a lifetime. Colvey's rejection of it, his infliction of a new hurt because of an old one, was a pity. Father and daughter loved each other, the Rector knew that, and Colvey's deliberate absence could make a difference between them. And once it had happened, it couldn't be repaired; it could remain as a secret regret in both of them as the years went by.

The Rector shook his head as he went into the porch. He opened a low, arched, heavy, iron-studded door to the left. The ray of his flashlamp shone on the tufted ends, the sallies, of four ropes hanging motionless above flagstones worn by the feet of centuries of bell-ringers.

Inevitably, about a church as old and out-of-the-way as this, many legends clustered. There was one about a Christmas bell and the Rectors of this parish. It was said that, once in the incumbency of each Rector, there came a time when, over Christmas, he would hear one of the church bells sound a single stroke, loud and clear, for no known reason. He would feel impelled to turn from whatever he was doing and go to the church to see who had rung the bell. There would be nobody there, the four ropes would be hanging motionless, and nobody else would have heard the bell ring. Nobody but the Rector. When it happened, he 'd know that it was the last Christmas he would see and there would be a new Rector within a twelve-month.

The circle of torchlight shone through the arched doorway on to the four ropes hanging motionless, their shadows printed on the wall of flints.

He had been more than thirty years in the parish, but he never had been able to discover the origin of that legend. There was one documented instance, however, of an attempt to take advantage of the legend. A man with a hatred for the Rector of the time had rung one of the bells loud and clear in the night, at Christmas, intending to lie in wait, with a flintlock pistol loaded and primed, for the Rector to answer the summons. But the man must have been holding the pistol in his hand as he pulled on the bell-rope, for the Rector found, on reaching the church, that there had been an accident and his enemy lay on the flagstones under the bellropes with half his head blown off.

The circle of light from the flashlamp shone on the worn flagstones.

From remembering the legend, as he always did at Christmas, the Rector thought again of his sons. As boys, they had learned to be good bellringers. When they were all three at home, the bells were rung as they should be. Don, even by himself, could chime three, one with each hand, a third with his foot through a loop of the rope. But chiming was an art; the Rector himself never had got the knack of it and, as he had no bell-ringers now, all that the village had heard of the bells for a long time was when, for services, he clocked the one that had a cord attached to its clapper.

He shut the belfry door, then the outer door of the church. As he put on his cap, he looked out over the common, wide and white under a glimmer of starlight. Here and there shone the dot of a lighted window, but there was no one about. His walk home took him, as it always did, about five minutes from the church to the crossroads, where he turned left, then three minutes more to the Rectory gate.

Crunching up the snow-crisp drive, he knew that Iris and Don hadn't arrived yet, for the front windows of the rambling old house were in darkness, except for the jumping of firelight behind the curtains. There was a light in the potting-shed, off to the side of the garden. The Rector went over to the shed and found his gardener-handyman, Jim Collins, in there, plucking a brace of pheasants by the light of a stable-lamp.

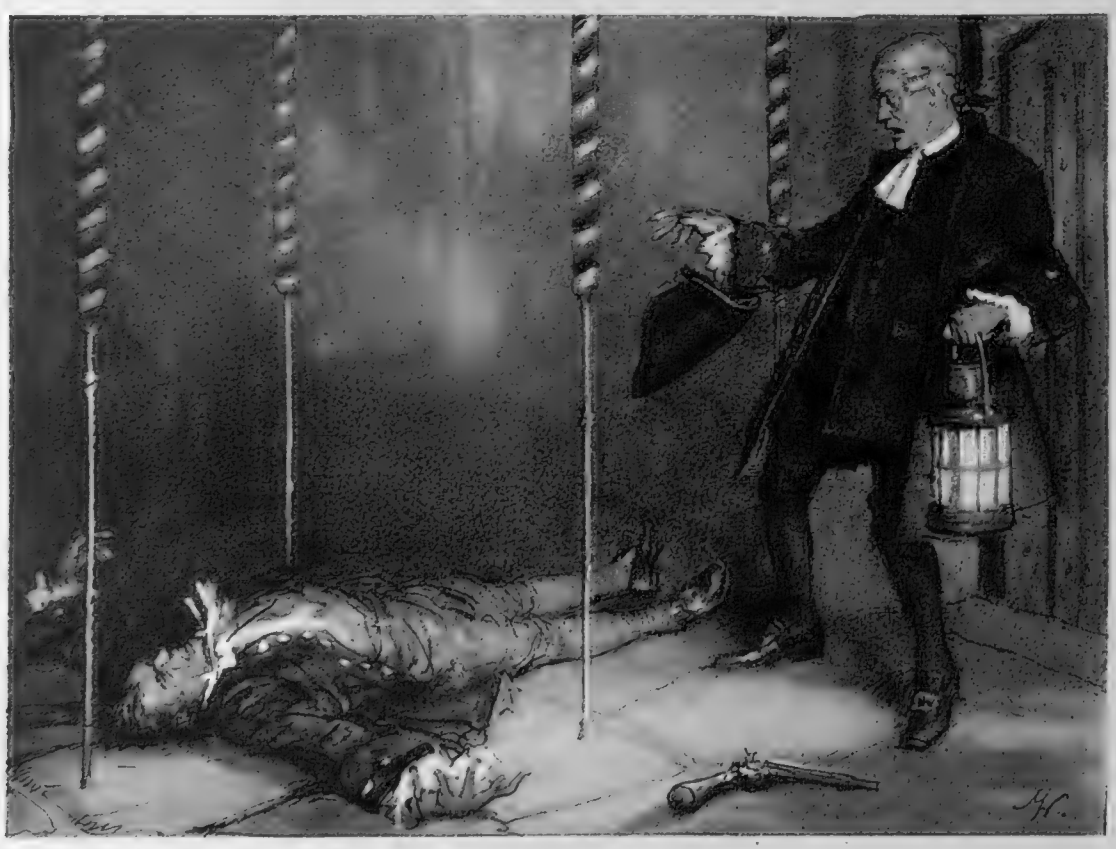
"How are they, Jim?" the Rector asked.

"Hung just right, sir," Collins grinned. "They don't get pheasants in the Navy."

"No, Don 'll enjoy those," said the Rector. "I 'll take the rest of the game round the parish in the morning."

He always got his hands on as much game as he could; there were old people in the parish who were glad of a bit of game, especially at Christmas.

He let himself into the house by the side door. The bootjack was kept just inside, in the lamplit passage.



"*. . . his enemy lay on the flagstones under the bellropes with half his head blown off.*"

"*A sports car, glimmering*

The dining-room, on the left, was in darkness, but serving-hatch between the passage and the kitchen, the right, was open, and he heard Amy Collins, housekeeper, talking to someone in there. Amy Jim Collins's wife; the two of them made up the Rec staff.

"Getting older, of course," the Rector heard A saying, as he took off his boots, "but still walks tw miles or more round the parish most days. Mad whipcord, he is, I know that, but what with his boy away now, and him getting older—well, all I 'm sayin I 'm just a bit gladder, each year, once Christma safely over. I can't help it. I feel we 're round corner then, Ella, and safe for another twelve-month.

It was her sister Ella that Amy had in there with the Rector realised; Ella must have dropped in fo cup of tea. They were talking about that old legen the bell.

Ella laughed. "You mean to say you actually *wo* come Christmas, about that old wives' tale, Amy?"

"I always remember what our own aunt told Amy said. "She worked for the previous Rector always remember her telling how she went to bed one Christmas Eve and, what with cooking and bak and everything, she was overstrung and couldn't sl and she heard the Rector's bedroom door open—l after midnight, it was—and she heard him go downst and go out by the side door."

The Rector straightened up, frowning, one slipper one in his hand. This was something about the legend of the bell that he never had heard before. couldn't help listening.

"Aunt thought he might have gone to visit some sick," Amy said. "She come down to the kitchen h and made herself a cup of cocoa. She was sitting at t table here, drinking her cocoa, when she heard Rector come in. He hadn't been gone long. She w to the hall, and he was taking his coat off, and she as if he 'd like a cup of cocoa. I always remember a telling it—the queer way he looked at her and said, though he was hoping against hope, 'Did the bell wa you?'"

"Ah, now, Amy," Ella said, her tone uneasy.

re the snow, was tilted in the ditch, one wing and headlight smashed, the headlight glaring into the hedge."

he'd been over to the church," Amy said—
ause he 'd heard the bell. But aunt hadn't slept a
his and she knew very well that no bell had rung—at
vas not for any human being to hear, except the Rector.
ory said, yes, it was the bell that woke her. He went
king at her in that queer way, and he said, ' I 'm
my you 're not telling me the truth.' He knew what
nty at, of course. They both did. I remember aunt
o she never had known him so quiet and kind and
al as he was the next few months. But it was his
g is Christmas, you can't deny it, Ella. We had a new
s in—our present Rector—within a twelve-month."
th 'll tell you what it is, Amy," Ella said. " With
" gs all away, and the Rector alone, you and Jim
her in the kitchen of this old house, night after night,
or at listen to the clock tick. You ought to get a
d o n to bring a bit of life into the place. If you
television, you 'd see the scientific side of things
orry be so superstitious."
"

us, at," said Amy, " is one thing I 'm not. All I 'm
r. is, with the Rector not getting any younger, I
lat ike Christmas and I 'm glad to get round the
akin nd on the safe side of it, that 's all I 'm saying."
sleep Amy, and perhaps Jim, too, actually worried
-lon im at Christmas, because of that old legend of
stair was news to the Rector. It disturbed him. He
his other slipper and, walking along the passage,
er or to look through the serving-hatch.
e ol ood evening, Mrs. Wilby," he said to Ella.
H I think we might light all the lamps now. The
e here any minute."
neon king about what he had heard, he went to his
h her ghted his pipe thoughtfully, then from his rolltop
t thi k his bank passbook and his statements from
d th siastical Commissioners. He was doing some
wer uring over these when he heard that speedy red
aske is's coming up the drive. He rose and, with a
r aur mile, went to greet his eldest son and his daughter-
aid, -be. His Christmas had begun.
l wak tea by the fire, he heard Don's news of Gibraltar,
meroons, Simonstown, Mombasa and the Red
s. All the wide world outside this parish. Amy kept coming in with fresh relays of hot water and buttered toast. She was plump, rosy, white-haired, and looked the soul of common sense. It was hard to believe that she actually was troubled, uneasy, about a legendary bell. But the Rector had heard what he had heard.

When she had cleared away the tea things, he filled his pipe and glanced at Iris and Don. They were leaning back contentedly on his old leather couch, and they were looking at each other, with the firelight on their faces, and their fingers lightly linked. The Rector twisted a spill for his pipe.

" Are you two doing anything special to-morrow ? " he asked. " Or d'you think you could drive over to the town and do something for me ? "

" We 'd love to, Uncle John," Iris said. She had called him that, despite her father's anger, ever since she was a small girl. " What d'you want us to do ? "

The Rector lighted his spill at the fire. He thought of the four bell-ropes hanging motionless above the flagstones in the dark, cold belfry.

He said, " I want you to buy a television set. You know more about these things than I do. It 's for Amy and Jim—a Christmas present."

He puffed his pipe alight. He wasn't at all sure that television didn't tend to keep people comfortably at home, instead of coming to church. Still, perhaps Ella Wilby was right, and modern science could help lay an old, grim superstition.

Iris and Don went off in the red car on their errand next morning, and the Rector went off on his—on foot. He looked pretty much of an old poacher, trudging gauntly over the white landscape of Christmas Eve with a big, bulging gamebag over his shoulder, but the game wasn't poached. It was wangled out of people who had shooting in the neighbourhood. Some of them were out to-day. He heard an occasional gun report as he went from one cottage to another where old couples lived; and he admired the Christmas trees in their windows, praised their paper-chains, and agreed sincerely with them, over a glass of whatever was going, that the world was changing fast, no denying it.

His game-bag considerably lighter, he was heading along a footpath towards an outlying cottage when four men with guns came out of the spinney alongside the path. Three of them greeted him cordially and insisted on replenishing his game-bag with a hare and four pigeons. But the other man stood apart.

" Good morning, Mr. Colvey," the Rector said.

Stephen Colvey nodded, his handsome face cold, his eyes hard. And the Rector went on his way, pondering. He knew that when Don had gone to see Colvey about marrying his daughter, Colvey had said only, " Iris is twenty-four. I have no say in the matter." There had been no relenting in Colvey's face this morning. He 'd rather estrange himself completely from Iris than set foot inside a church. The Rector saw that there was no hope at all of Colvey being present to give his daughter away—to a clergyman's son.

The Rector and Don rang the bells that night—not the clocking of a single bell, but a real, long Christmas ring that carried far out over the common and the straggling parish. The Rector tried not to think of the bitterness with which Colvey would listen to the bells—if he listened at all.

Afterwards, when he was left alone in the church—Don was taking Iris home—the Rector went down into the cellar to make up the furnace. He found that it had gone out. He had to rake it out completely and relight it, working by the ray of his flashlamp balanced on the coke-pile. At last, the coke in the furnace began to crackle, a red glow spread through it, the small blue flames danced over it. He watched it for a while, leaning on the shovel, thinking of Colvey and the wedding, and of what Amy and Jim would say when they saw their television set in the morning.

He looked at his watch in the furnace-glow. It was very late. Soon, in houses all over the parish, kids—very light sleepers on this particular night, as he knew from experience—would be waking up to speculate in piercing whispers on the peculiar angles and bulges of pendant stockings fingered in the dark.

The Rector left the church and headed for home. There had been a new, light fall of snow, under which the criss-crossing tyre-ruts were frozen hard. The night was clear and cold, the stars were bright. Trudging

(*Concluded on page* 53)

CHRISTMAS ROUND THE COMMONWEALTH

Drawings by Victor Coverley-Price

There can be few better means of appreciating the great variety of peoples within the British Commonwealth than by considering the different ways and contrasting conditions in which those keeping the festival spend Christmas. In the sense of time the day can be said to last forty-eight hours. As dawn comes to Tonga, Londoners may be engaged on their final Christmas Eve shopping. On the other hand, when an English family sits down at midday to its turkey and plum pudding, the only sounds likely in a home in Western Canada are the excited voices of children waking to open their stockings. In some parts of the Commonwealth people listen to the Queen's broadcast as a conclusion to Christmas Eve parties. In others they must wait to hear it until the early hours of Boxing Day. It can be safely asserted that the festival will be celebrated in every kind of weather, from deep mid-winter snow to the blazing heat of high summer, with the holiday relaxations varying accordingly. However, there is one constant factor. The figure of Santa Claus, wherever he appears, is clad in the familiar red.

GREAT BRITAIN

The view down the Thames in London from the South Bank close to Lambeth Bridge shows "The Mother of Parliaments" on the far side. On Christmas Day British subjects all over the world listen for the familiar notes of Big Ben before the Queen broadcasts.

CANADA

Skaters on a small lake near Ottawa on Christmas Eve. At Christmastime most of Canada is usually enveloped in snow. At night illuminated Christmas trees stand outside houses in Ottawa and many other cities.

SOUTH AFRICA

On the Cape Peninsula far south of the Equator, sea bathing is a popular Christmas pursuit. The sketch shows one of the many bays on the rugged coast near Cape Town.

BRITISH GUIANA

"Steel bands" are a familiar diversion during the festive season. The instruments consist of oil drums cut to various depths with tops cut in segments of different sizes, each area giving its own note when tapped.

AUSTRALIA

Surf-riders skim on the crest of a Pacific Ocean roller on the coast of New South Wales. Christmas comes to Australia in the heat of the summer, and the sketch of the exhilarating sport of surf-board riding provides a complete contrast to the traditional Christmas of snow and frost in Great Britain.

NDIA

The 8,000,000 Christians in India celebrate Christmas in the traditional manner. On Christmas Eve there are midnight services in some churches. The scene on the Ganges at Benares is a reminder that its waters are sacred to millions of Indians of other religions.

PAKISTAN

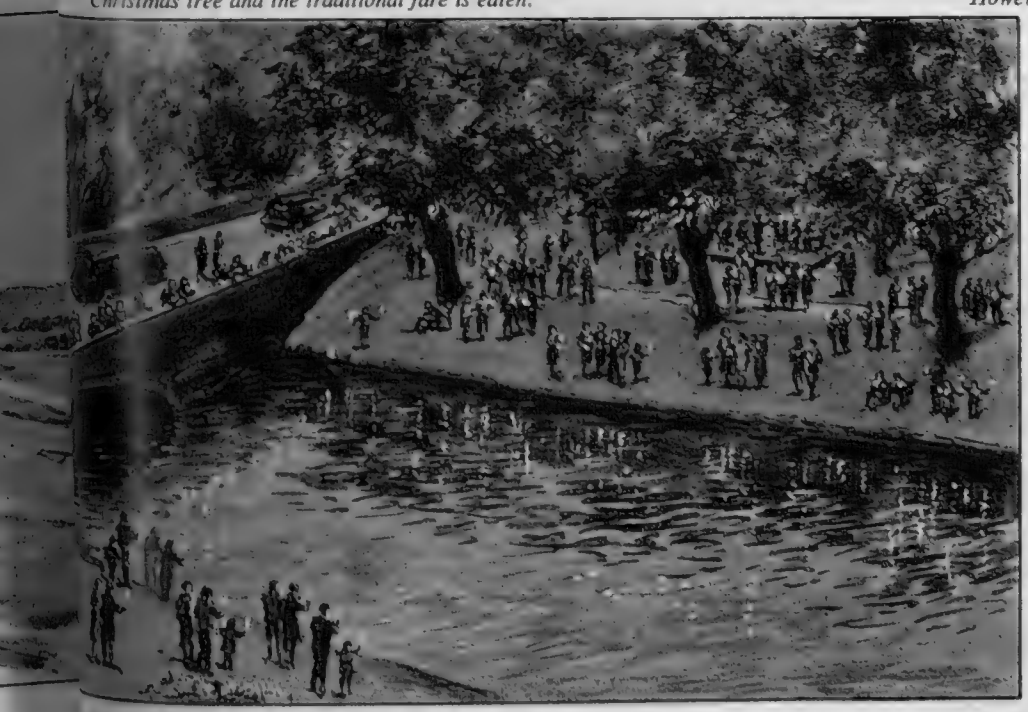
The white-bearded trader in a bazaar in Peshawar might be Father Christmas in Oriental dress. An Eastern bazaar is an excellent place for Christmas shopping. Presents can be bought at prices which, after the expected bargaining, seem extremely reasonable.

DESIA

While Britain may be enjoying a white Christmas it is summer-time in Rhodesia. Many people go sailing during the holiday on the Zambezi River near Livingstone. In Salisbury, however, there is a Christmas tree and the traditional fare is eaten.

KENYA

Children gaze in awe at Santa Claus, wearing familiar European dress though the climate is equatorial. It would be impossible to find reindeer for his sledge, though zebras or giraffe would be available. However, on this occasion Father Christmas has used a helicopter.



ZEALAND

The spirit in which the season is celebrated is as warm as the climate. In Christchurch on Christmas Eve there is a special ceremony. People gather among the trees and flowers in a park beside the River Avon. Holding candles, the flames of which reflect in the water, they sing carols to the accompaniment of a band.

HONG KONG

The colony is another part of the Commonwealth where sailing is a popular Christmas recreation. In many family circles Christmas is observed as in Britain.

"WELL, THIS IS THE FOREST OF ARDEN"

The Settings and Sources of Shakespeare's "As You Like It"

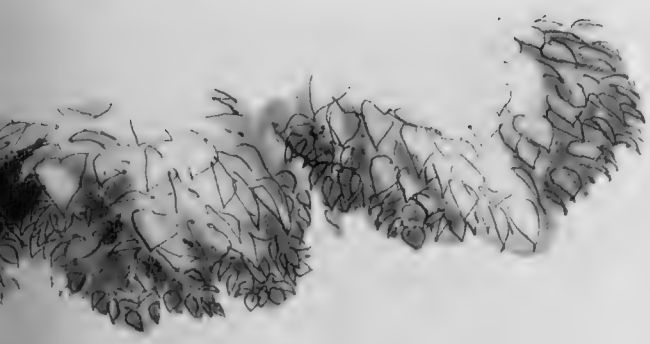
IN his cramped quarters on board an Elizabethan sailing vessel, voyaging to the Azores and the Canaries, a young man named Thomas Lodge wrote a novel which was published by T. G. and John Busbie in 1590. It was called *Rosalynde* and in the Foreword, addressed to his Gentlemen Readers, Thomas Lodge begged "room for a soldier, and a sailor, that gives you the fruits of his labours that he wrought in the Ocean, when every line was wet with a surge, and every humorous passion counterchecked with a storm." Some years later, at the turn of the century, William Shakespeare, following Lodge's plot closely, wrote a play called *As You Like It*. In those days authors rarely considered plagiarism a crime.

It seems more than likely that Lodge got the bare bones of his story from a fourteenth-century poem called *Gamelyn*, once wrongly attributed to Chaucer. Lodge, as befitted a minor author intent on making money, was closely attentive to the literary fashion popular at the court of Queen Elizabeth. This followed the style of John Lyly and his *Euphues*, an elaborate and highly-decorative style, in which much play was given to extended moralising and maxims. Thomas Lodge then was on safe ground, treating a rustic romance set in a romantic French arcadia in this style, interspersing the rapid action with interior monologues and lyrics. Although to-day, it has only a certain charm, *Rosalynde* is interesting because of the light it throws on Shakespeare's comedy.

The story concerns the three sons of a venerable knight, Sir John of Bordeaux, who had won fame on the Crusades. The three sons, called Saladyne, Fernandine and Rosader, after his death, shared out his lands. The will, as so often in the case with such documents, led to fraternal strife. Saladyne, the eldest, oppressed Rosader, the youngest; Fernandine, who was a bookish fellow, took little part in the quarrels. Torismond, the usurping king of France, determined on a tournament; Saladyne thereupon entered into an agreement with the champion wrestler that if Rosader entered against him, he should if possible be killed. But Rosader, inspired by the sight of Rosalynde, the daughter of the rightfu king, Gerismond, overcame the champion. Saladyn incensed, caused Rosader to flee with his servan Adam Spencer, into the neighbouring forest of Ardenne Meanwhile the king banished Rosalynde for being to popular and beautiful; since his daughter Alinda stoo up for Rosalynde, she, too, was banished.

Up to this point Shakespeare changes little save th he makes Gerismond and Torismond brothers, chang Rosader's name to Orlando, Alinda to Celia, and pla down the enmity of the three brothers. But he re-sets t play in the Forest of Arden—a tract of Warwickshi land that bore his mother's name.

In Lodge's romance, however, Alinda, who becom disguised as Aliena, with Rosalynde in boy's clothes her page Ganymede, is more important than Rosalynd They travel through the vineyards into the outskir of the forest, for two or three days, until they come to grove of pines, lemons and citrons, where they fi verses carved on trees. They discover a shepher Coridon, and buy from his landlord a small cottage

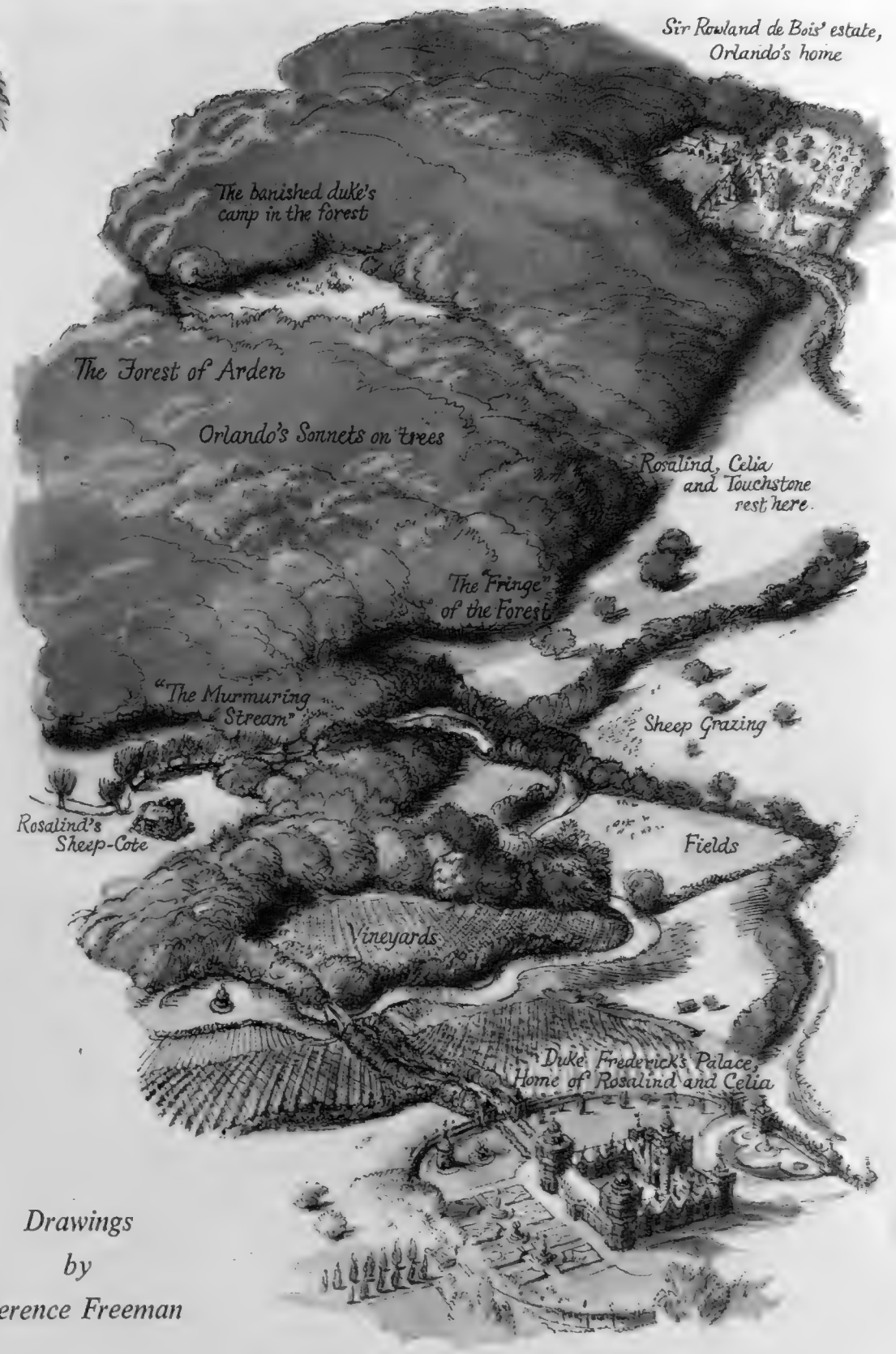


sheep-cote. After a time they meet Rosader, who has joined Gerismond in the forest, but since Rosalynde is disguised as a page, Rosader does not recognise her. Rosalynde, however, is unable to sleep and tries to arouse Alinda, who then teases her friend. "Come on," said Rosalynde, "this sermon of yours is but a subtlety to lie still abed, because either you think the morning cold, or else I being gone, you would steal a nap."

Shakespeare telescopes the time that all this takes and this may account for the confusion the critics have fallen into regarding the season in which *As You Like It* is set. There are references in the play to winter and Thomas Lodge tells how Aliena does not like to get up when it is cold. But the general impression is a long hot summer, full of lazy charm. Shakespeare, after the [illegible]ers' vicissitudes, which end in multiple marriages, [illegible]ges Lodge's warlike ending to the tale. Lodge [illegible]ribed how, in the midst of the jollity, Fernandine, [illegible]scholarly brother, arrived. He charged that "You [illegible] of Sir John of Bordeaux change your loves to [illegible]." The peers of France had risen to fight the [illegible]ing king. So fiercely did Gerismond, Saladyne [illegible] Rosader fight, that they gained the day, and all [illegible] happily. In Shakespeare's version, the usurper [illegible]jected to sudden repentance.

[illegible] fact, although the plot remains substantially [illegible]nged, Shakespeare's version is different in spirit; [illegible]ciful romance set in France becomes a romantic [illegible] in the Warwickshire countryside. Sir John of [illegible]aux's estate on the outskirts of Bordeaux becomes [illegible]owland du Bois's country estate. The banished [illegible]lives with his followers in the forest in the spirit [illegible]bin Hood, and over all the events lies a golden [illegible] which unlikely events pass without question.

[illegible]akespeare's addition of the clowns, Touchstone [illegible]ques, and the rustic shepherds, particularly the [illegible]s William, enable him to leaven Lodge's rather [illegible]ale. But most important, Rosalind becomes the [illegible]; by her naturalness and gaiety, the tale holds [illegible]er. Shakespeare was not content merely to [illegible] the literary conventions of his time, he examined [illegible]ticised them. The pastoral simplicity of the [illegible]yside and the natural loves of shepherds held [illegible] attraction for the sophisticated courtiers of [illegible]th's time, inured to fashion and intrigue. But [illegible]kespeare, himself a countryman, nature was [illegible] cold, bleak and uncomfortable. Balancing court [illegible]untry, Shakespeare achieves a play of golden [illegible] its cynical humours dispelled by the love of [illegible]d and Orlando.



Drawings by Terence Freeman

rightfi
Saladyn
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, chang
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The producer, Gordon Bennett, uses a pair of dividers to determine camera angles as he rehearses a scene from the B.B.C. Television Puppet Theatre's production of The Emperor's New Clothes.

Two marionettes gesticulate in a scene from The Petrified Princess, *an operetta for marionettes, composed by Richard Arnell.*

In the B.B.C.'s production of the satirical play, The Winklebu Armourer, *two characters look rather ill-tempered.*

Blue Beard embraces Fatima during a play based on The Arabian Nights, *by the Hogarth Puppets.*

The Circus Horse of the Hogarth Puppets is named Sparkle. Circus acts always form a popular turn.

Rufus, the clown of the Hogarth Puppet has a face made of indiarubber, whi fits over the operators' hand and enabl a large number of expressions.

STRINGS TO PULL

The Welcome Return of Marionettes and Puppets

by GEORGE SPEAIGHT

FIFTY years ago the puppet show in England looked as if it were on its way out. The Punch and Judy booths were being driven from the streets by the new motor traffic, and the elaborate marionette theatres were being driven from the fairs and music halls by the new moving pictures. Soon, it seemed, the puppet would be no more than a quaint survival of a vanished age.

But, strangely, at the very moment when its survival hung in the balance, the charm of the puppet was rediscovered by artists, and its curiously evocative appeal was recaptured by æsthetes. At the turn of the century such writers as Gordon Craig and Arthur Symons wrote of the unnaturalistic appeal of the puppet theatre, and saw in its formal and abstract art the true elements of theatrical experience.

From these prophetic writings artists and craftsmen were inspired to set about creating their own puppet theatres. The old school of professional showmen held themselves somewhat aloof from this amateur activity, guarding the mysteries of their technique as close secrets; the new school of artist-puppeteers made many mistakes from lack of experience in a difficult and complex art. Many brave experimenters fell by the wayside. But gradually a handful of puppeteers have overcome their artistic and material difficulties, and have established themselves in a new and exciting profession.

A few of these artist-puppeteers have developed the Punch and Judy technique of the glove puppet, and the work of Walter Wilkinson will be familiar to many from the books in which he described his experiences wandering round England with hand puppets. The traditional Punch and Judy still flourishes at the seaside, but this type of theatre is capable of many developments and provides an admirable and inexpensive one-man theatre. Such shows may be seen at private parties and in the parks.

However, most of the exponents of the twentieth-century puppet revival have developed the marionette—the puppet controlled by strings from above. This is the most complicated form of puppet, the most bulky to carry around, and perhaps the most difficult to master, but in the hands of a sensitive manipulator it is capable of remarkable effects. Although marionette shows be presented by a single operator their range is limi and it is difficult to produce anything at all elabo with fewer than three people behind the scenes. The th or four-man marionette show, with a van to transp it, has become the usual pattern in England, though m larger shows with many more operators flourished Victorian times and still exist abroad. Such shows play occasionally at real theatres, especially at Christ time, at holiday resorts, at local art festivals, at scho and at the grander kind of private party.

Among English marionette companies now functi ing the best-known names are those of the Lanche Marionettes, the Hogarth Puppets directed by Bussell, and John Wright's Marionettes, but there perhaps a couple of dozen fully professional trou and several hundred semi-professional companies giv occasional performances.

Glove puppets and marionettes are by no means only forms of puppetry. There are also rod pupp controlled from under the stage, and shadow pupp

Seated in a perplexed and pensive mood on the end of a bed is a clown from John Wright's marionettes.

e of John Wright's marionettes is this astonished Spanish ıado·. Marionettes, their limbs suspended on strings, are capable of a wide range of movements.

One member of the Lanchester Marionette Circus is Lemo the lion, a friendly and playful animal.

John Wright, a South African living in England, displays some of the marionettes he uses. He has made extensive tours with his group through Africa and Europe.

Waldo Lanchester delicately touches in the backcloth of A Trip to Bath, *a musical medley for marionettes, composed by Donald Swann and Michael Flanders, presented at the Bath Festival in* 1958.

s c
nite unately, neither of these forms—which are full of
ora ing possibilities—has received much attention in
hre d. In Eastern Europe, however, rod puppets,
spc icular, have grown enormously in popularity in
mur years, and there are now many such companies
ed a, Poland, Rumania and Bulgaria. These are
s w nspired by the work of Sergei Obratszov, whose
stm Puppet Theatre visited England a few years
hoo. These companies are heavily subsidised by the
nd often travel with a dozen or more manipulators
ctio many more stage hands. Such conditions are
hest the wildest dreams of our English puppeteers,
y Ju do indicate the standards which the puppet can
re a and they illustrate that this modest and often
oupe timated art can be regarded as a serious and
givi nt branch of the theatre.

ns t lish puppeteers have achieved much in the past
ppe tury, but their work suffers from many handicaps,
ppe nancial and emotional. Above all, there is the
rooted prejudice in this country that puppets are ideal as a children's entertainment, but nothing much more. Almost all English puppeteers provide special programmes for children, who make a stimulating and responsive audience, but they desperately want to play to adults, too, with a wider and more sophisticated repertory. Unfortunately, it is very difficult to gather an adult audience for such an entertainment.

Another serious handicap in England is the lack of any permanent puppet theatre. The puppet companies must be continually on the move, playing one-night stands and wearing themselves out with continually erecting and dismantling their stages. In such conditions artistic progress is very difficult. Happily, a few modest beginnings have been made towards creating permanent puppet theatres. At Stratford-upon-Avon the Lanchester Marionettes maintain a Puppet Centre, with a shop and a small display of historic figures; at Edinburgh the Lee Puppets have converted a mews into a small theatre, where they play regularly during the Festival and at other seasons; at Colwyn Bay Eric Bramall has created his permanent puppet theatre; in London the British Puppet and Model Theatre Guild has obtained premises in the City as headquarters, with a small stage and auditorium, and John Wright is converting an old temperance hall in Islington into a public marionette theatre.

In the midst of so many difficulties, the puppet has found one valuable ally in television. The small screen provides an almost ideal medium, and puppets appear regularly in the children's programmes, where such characters as Andy Pandy and Muffin the Mule have become household names. From time to time the television companies produce full-length puppet plays, and the B.B.C. has its own Television Puppet Theatre, with its own productions under Gordon Murray.

Yet, valuable and welcome though this is, the puppet theatre, like any other kind of theatre, requires a living audience to bring it really alive. It is only when the little wooden actors can draw a response of laughter or wonder or tears from the people rapt in attention around them that their art is made truly manifest. When this is achieved the ancient magic surely works again.

"THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI" BY RUBENS

There is little margin for argument about the great canvas *The Adoration of the Magi*, painted in Antwerp by Sir Peter Paul Rubens for the Convent of the Dames Blanches at Louvain. He was paid in 1634 a not inconsiderable sum for the large altar-piece—it measures 129¼ inches by 97¼. In 1783 the Convent was suppressed and Rubens' painting was auctioned in Brussels. It passed through various hands and was bought from the collection of the Marquis of Lansdowne for Lord Grosvenor in 1806. It remained in the Grosvenor family until this year, when it was sold at Sotheby's by the executors of the Duke of Westminster to pay death duties. The price given by a then unidentified British buyer was £275,000. This was recorded as the highest ever paid at auction for a single picture.

Although Rubens painted many canvases—there is a sketch for the altar-piece in the Wallace Collection—*The Adoration of the Magi* is one of his finest pictures. Its history is fully authenticated, and it is in the best state of preservation, although it was reported to be in need of cleaning. There is one interesting point, about which there has been some controversy. Describing the painting in his *Voyage pittoresque de la Flandre et du Brabant*, published in 1769, J.-B. Descamps said he thought that the Virgin Mother was not well positioned. Following him there have been various criticisms of Rubens' drawing of the figure, but the consensus of opinion is that the Virgin Mother is not seated, as critics of the painter's composition have claimed, but is rising to present the Infant Jesus to the kneeling Magi.

Christmas 1662. *Louis XIV makes his first appearance as The Sun King. Dressed in a gorgeous costume, His Majesty descends in a salon in the Louvre during a carnival*

THE COURT OF THE SUN KING

Illustrated and Described by William McLaren

SOME present-day theatrical occasions might attempt to equal but they could never hope to surpass the splendour and the rich variety of the Ballets and Masques, Operas and Balls which were the chief winter recreations of the Court of King Louis XIV of France. Mid-seventeenth-century Paris was not the scene of continued gaiety that we know to-day. The city in which the young King Louis held his Court seemed to lie in a deep sleep from April to November and any festivity that took place then was but a brief smile on the face of the capital in its long trance.

Once November had come, the officers of the frontier armies, under the conventions of the time, agreed to a respite. They disbanded those troops which were considered unnecessary, lodged the rest in winter quarters and then made haste towards Paris. Their desire for distraction was heightened by the generally disagreeable conditions of their camps, apart from any fighting which they might have endured, and they returned avidly seeking to taste whatever joys the city had to offer. Little by little, Paris came to life. Epiphany opened the season of pleasure, and the French capital became the scene of an immense saturnalia. Carnival, from December to March, reigned supreme master of the population, and such was the appetite of the participants that the *Gazeteer Loret*, writing of the events of the city in the winter of 1658, established that they attended some 900 Aubades or Morning Concerts, 3,000 Masquerades and 256 Ballets.

The Court, following the fashion of the city, took on the aspect of carnival. But here the celebrations were somewhat tempered. The ladies of the Court observed, at least until Epiphany, all religious ceremonies, attended sermons, made charitable visits to the poor, and generally gave themselves to those occupations demanded by a rigid etiquette. The King and his courtiers did not altogether happily subscribe to the restraints of such an austerity and, aided by the distraction of moderate excursions in the town and countryside, passed the time congenially if somewhat impatiently till the opening of the carnival.

Of all the pleasures that the King loved, the dance was his favourite, and for many years he commissioned writers and musicians to compose ballets in which he himself could take part. It was in one of these ballets,

(*Continued on following pages*)

THE COURT OF THE SUN KING

(*Continued from previous page*)

Origines et la Grandeur de la Maison de France, given at Christmas 1662 in a specially-built hall in the Louvre, that he first appeared as the Sun King.

Dressed in a gorgeous golden costume hung with pearls and diamonds, he descended in an extraordinary contraption illuminated like some vast chandelier devised by an Italian called Vigarani, who thus showed to what perfection the art of theatrical machinery had been brought. This, the last scene in the ballet which had already shown the King in the guise of the House of France entering the hazards of the kingdom of Pluto; as God of War heading an army fighting, in a beautifully contrived dance, the army of Alexander the Great; finally revealed the monarch in all his grace and dazzling splendour as the Sun King.

Louis XIV continued to dance in ballets and to recite poems before the Court for another twenty years, but in all his long life afterwards he never ceased to enjoy, if only as a spectator, some of the greatest state occasions that have taken place in the history of all Europe.

In 1682 King Louis XIV established his Court at the still uncompleted Palace of Versailles. From that time, Versailles became the setting of a chapter in the history of France unmatched for its improvident and extravagant magnificence, the radiance of which was to shine undimmed for the next hundred years, to be extinguished only by the Revolution.

The showpiece of a palace of showpieces, the Galerie des Glaces, or, as it was then known, the Grande Galerie, has seen many historic events from the great banquets and receptions of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries to the impressive banquet given in honour of their Majesties King George VI and Queen Elizabeth during their State visit in 1939; from the carefree gaiety of the Court of King Louis XIV to the solemnity of the signing of the Treaty of Versailles in 1919.

The Grande Galerie was ornamented and furnished under the direction of Le Brun who, from 1660, was nominated First Painter to the King. In this tremendous task he was assisted by the brothers Perrault, who served as consultants. Charles Perrault was Comptroller of the Royal Buildings, but he is renowned to-day as the writer of the famous collection of Fairy Tales. One could find no better setting for his once-upon-a-time stories.

Even to-day we can still stand in this vast and unique gallery in one of the most beautiful palaces in the world and see it much as it was in those far-off days,

On right—

1683. *A masked ball in the Grande Galerie (now known as the Galerie des Glaces), in the as yet uncompleted Palace at Versailles. Louis XIV, aged forty-five, is content to be a spectator of the dance and is watching his ten-year-old daughter, the Dauphine, performing the role of Youth in an extract from the opera-ballet* Le Triomphe de l'Amour *to the music of Lulli. The ball went on until the early hours, with an interlude for a magnificent firework display in the Palace grounds*

it is not difficult to imagine the sound of the music Couperin and Lulli echoing through the looking-glass some brilliant overture or stately *pavane*, to see ghosts of the periwigged ladies and gentlemen, resplendent costumes glittering in the candlelight. cene such as is depicted here recalls the winter of 3, when a masked ball was held in the incomplete ce.

While the Turks were massing at Belgrade and istianity in Europe was being menaced, *le Roi il* was busy establishing his Court and passing his in an incredible stream of diversions, of which the ked ball was only one. An enormous number of ple had assembled to watch the King's ten-year-old hter dance the role of "Youth" in an extract the opera-ballet *Le Triomphe de l'Amour*. The ess had first taken the part when she was only and she danced it perfectly to the great delight of the assembled company and to the joy and pride of her Royal father, who was indeed a connoisseur of the art.

The dancing went on until the early hours of the morning, interrupted only by the outdoor firework display. It was a welcome interlude. Cold as the winter night was, the company was glad to take the air at the windows, now opened wide for the spectacle, because the heat and smoke from the hundreds of candles, needed to illuminate the hall, made the atmosphere stifling.

Although theoretically no subject was barred from the ball if he or she was properly dressed, the standard expected was so high as to exclude all but the wealthiest members of the kingdom.

"I am back here in Versailles," wrote Madame de Sévigné after the ball, "and I am completely charmed. Everything is on such a vast scale, everything is magnificent, and music and the dance are at their absolute perfection."

LA COIFFURE BY RENOIR

Painted in 1888, this fine study by Renoir of two young girls, which belongs to Miss Clariça Davidson, was exhibited last summer at the Marlborough Gallery in London. The two girls in the painting are the daughters of Durand-Ruel, a Paris dealer, in whose gallery many of the Impressionists displayed their work. Monet, Renoir, Pissarro, Sisley and Degas all had one-man shows there in 1883, and during the early period of their working lives sold many of their pictures to Durand-Ruel. Earlier this year, another Renoir study of the dealer's daughters was bought in America for over £90,000; a nephew of the sitters made, it was reported, a determined but unsuccessful attempt to secure the painting.

In recent months, Impressionist paintings have commanded exceptionally high prices in the sale-rooms, although not approaching the £220,000 paid last year for a Cézanne. Even in his lifetime, Renoir was able to sell his paintings for adequate sums, particularly during the middle period when he painted a series of commissioned portraits.

His quiet life was complicated by arthritis, which so crippled his right hand that he was only able to paint with the brush strapped to his fingers. An exceptionally kind and gentle old man, he became acknowledged as a master even during his lifetime, and when he died in December of 1919, his studio was full of his last pictures completing an output of at least 4,000 works.

The aquatint of the busy crossroads outside the Elephant and Castle, Newington, by W. R. Smart and G. Hunt, after S. J. E. Jones, was published in 1826. The inn, which had been rebuilt just before 1818, was leased to Mrs. Jane Fisher for thirty-one years. It had replaced the original inn, built as a smithy in the mid-seventeenth century

Reproduced by permission of The Parker Gallery

THE "ELEPHANT" YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Vicissitudes of a South London Landmark

According to the L.C.C. *Survey of London*, the traffic problem at the road junction at the Elephant and Castle originated in 1641 when John Flaxman, a blacksmith, obtained permission from the Lords of the Manor to build a workshop on a piece of waste ground in the middle of the road on condition that he gave 4 shillings a year to the poor. From the junction the roads led to Kennington, Walworth and Lambeth, and the traffic brought much work to the blacksmith. By 1672 the smithy was known as the White Horse, and in the 1681 plan of Walworth Manor it is clearly marked as a detached house. Fifty years later it was leased to William Benskin, farrier, who covenanted to build a brick house or houses on part of the plot. Subsequently, about 1760, after the formation of London Road and the New Kent Road, the smithy became an inn with the name "Elephant and Castle."

It was rebuilt just before 1818 and stood until the end of the century. But the island site was seriously impeding traffic and when the leases expired in the 1890's suggestions were made for improving the intersection. It was agreed the Walworth Road should be widened but neither the L.C.C. nor the Trustees were prepared to pay and the new "Elephant" was built in 1897-98. It is this building which has recently been demolished to make way for the wider thoroughfare forming part of the redevelopment scheme.

The last of the old "Elephant"—the late Victorian building (seen from the same position as the aquatint)—is demolished to make way for the new thoroughfare

ROMANCE OF THE COACHING PAST

Passengers going to Bury-Fair, in October 1770. *A coloured line engraving by Strutt, after Ogbourne*

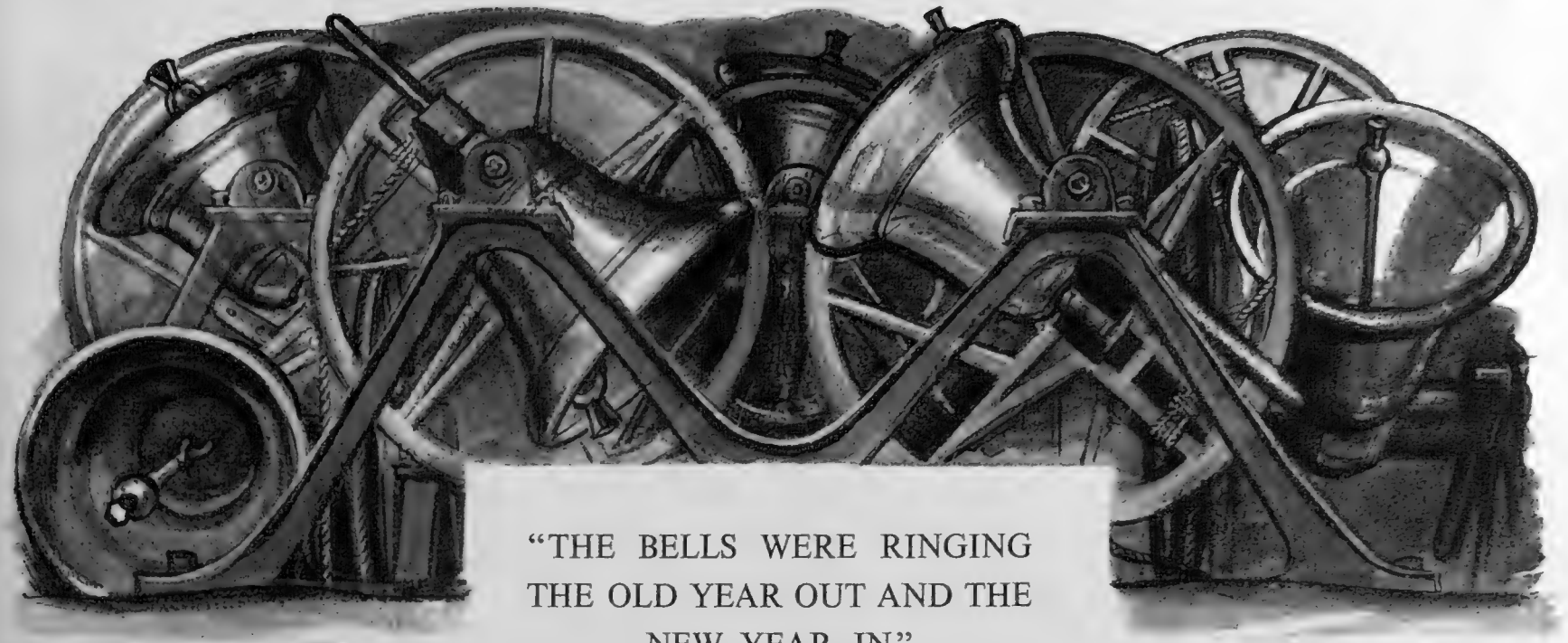
Until the coming of the railways, the stage coaches enjoyed their heyday in the early part of the nineteenth century, roughly from 1820 to 1840. But for the majority of the people, travel was a luxury which they could never afford. The fares by mail coach from London to Edinburgh, including tips to coachmen and guards, averaged £14 for an inside passenger and £10 for an outside. Travelling for the very rich was by post, with their own or hired carriages, and with horses changed along the route. Next in speed and expense came the mail coaches, taking seven passengers only, four inside and three outside. The ordinary day-coach took only four inside, but up to a dozen on the roof; for the poor there was the stage wagon, lumbering through the countryside at only three or four miles an hour and often festooned with passengers.

Of the two pictures on this page, reproduced by permission of The Parker Gallery in London, the top one is a coloured line engraving showing the crowded coach on its way to Bury-Fair in 1770. Inside the fore portion are the richer passengers sitting in greater comfort than the others, who are crowded together with their children and a monkey. So slowly is the wagon travelling that the little dog can be dragged along behind.

The lower picture, a coloured aquatint published in 1824, by Pyall and Hunt at the Emporium of Arts, 18, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, shows a mail coach speeding past a small post office. The guard drops the bag of letters to the waiting postmistress who has run out to catch it. The dogs running by the coach show how fast it is travelling.

Now familiar on Christmas-cards, the mail coaches were a source of unending delight to the early-Victorians; villagers used to perch on their garden walls to watch the crack teams rattle past. The mail coaches were privately operated, under licence from the Postmaster-General; the proprietor received a penny a mile for carrying the mails; in effect, the service was subsidised by the passengers, although the coaches travelled free of toll charges. As an underpaid servant of the Post Office, the guard had to rely on tips. He was legally bound to see the mails through; if there was any mishap he went on, leaving the passengers to their fate. In the great blizzard of the Christmas of 1836, at least one guard died of exposure as he struggled through the high drifts of snow.

Delivering the Mail. A coloured aquatint by G. Hunt, after Egerton, published in London in 1824



"THE BELLS WERE RINGING THE OLD YEAR OUT AND THE NEW YEAR IN"

In the scene drawn by Terence Freeman of the bell-chamber in the church at Brenchley, in Kent, the boards on the walls commemorate the records of several memorable changes rung here. One of the best descriptions of the attraction of bell-ringing is to be found in Dorothy Sayers' The Nine Tailors:

"The art of change-ringing is peculiar to the English, and, like most English peculiarities, unintelligible to the rest of the world. To the musical Belgian, for example, it appears that the proper thing to do with a carefully-tuned ring of bells is to play a tune upon it. By the English campanologist, the playing of tunes is considered to be a childish game, only fit for foreigners; the proper use of bells is to work out mathematical permutations and combinations. When he speaks of the music of his bells, he does not mean musician's music—still less what the ordinary man calls music. To the ordinary man, in fact, the pealing of bells is a monotonous jangle and a nuisance, tolerable only when mitigated by remote distance and sentimental association. The change-ringer does, indeed, distinguish musical differences between one method of producing his permutations and another; he avers, for instance, that where the hinder bells run 7, 5, 6, or 5, 6, 7, or 5, 7, 6, the music is always prettier, and can detect and approve, where they occur, the consecutive fifths of Tittums and the cascading thirds of the Queen's change. But what he really means is, that by the English method of ringing with rope and wheel, each several bell gives forth her fullest and her noblest note. His passion—and it is a passion—finds its satisfaction in mathematical completeness and mechanical perfection, and as his bell weaves her way rhythmically up from lead to hinder place and down again, he is filled with the solemn intoxication that comes of intricate ritual faultlessly performed."

The Albion, *with the sign of the Black Ba*

"ARISE and shine for the Black Ball Line!" This was still a shout to call out the watch aboard deep-water sailing-ships, when I went to sea, at the end of the second decade of the twentieth century. The Black Ball Line was one of the most notorious of the sailing-ship companies a hundred years ago, providing a North Atlantic passenger service under sail, long after big steamships had come to stay.

Sailing out of Liverpool westwards to New York, thrashing to windward over the savage Atlantic in winter alike as in autumn, spring and too-brief summer, running homewards before the hard westerly gales of that wild ocean, year in, year out, keeping a sailing schedule if not an arriving date, hard-sailed, hard-run, tough to take passage in and tough to serve, these were ships! "Square-riggers on schedule," seamen called them, and spoke of the tea-clipper men as "flying-fish sailors," with a mild contempt. And the seamen who manned those packet-ships, signed on in Liverpool, including many Liverpool Irish, were reckoned "tough men to shave." The traditions of hard sailing and good seamanship which they established, and survived by, lasted a long time.

The regular sailing passenger vessels were notorious for their toughness, there were special ships which were emigrant carriers and they could be, and very often were, even tougher. In those days, any tramp square rigger could carry emigrants. They were a form c freight, to be packed aboard and pay passage money– £5 for the passage Liverpool-New York in 1842 bu only £3 10s. ten years later—and they were packe aboard small wooden sailing-ships by the hundre Some food was provided—but no cooking and n bedding—and space to stretch out. That was about al

Emigrants, in packets as well as tramps, were packe into ill-ventilated 'tween-decks, sometimes above hold full of heavy cargo, and battened down there while th ship thrashed and lurched and rolled under a maximu press of canvas and the crew fought with their utmo

one of her sails, tosses on the winter ocean

HRISTMAS IN ID-ATLANTIC 0 YEARS AGO

Painting by MONTAGUE DAWSON
Article by ALAN VILLIERS

strength against some wretched gale. The ship rolled, lurched, jumped, the wind screaming in the taut rigging with a frightful, thundering din, the sea breaking over the bulwarks and the main deck all awash, no ventilation, no comfort, no dryness anywhere. With anything up to 700 humans battened down below, landsmen, women, children, unable to fend for themselves, seasick, not provided with the simplest and most essential facilities—to survive there, or die ! When at last the hatches could be opened in finer weather, the steam rose and the stench was incredible. The few beds of straw with which more fortunate emigrants had provided themselves were a sodden mess.

It was no wonder sometimes that women and children died. The overcrowding was unbelievable. There is a record of a Liverpool ship which was certified to carry 450 African slaves which sailed westwards from the Clyde towards Nova Scotia with 700 Scotsmen. (Slaves were saleable merchandise to be delivered fit, the Scots had paid their passage money in advance.) But the Scots were tougher than slaves, and they arrived.

Mortality among passengers was indeed astonishingly low, for they were tough before they came aboard, brought up under and thoroughly well accustomed to hard living conditions. Mortality among the ships was a more serious matter. The Merchant Navy historian

(*Continued on page* 53)

CHRISTMAS IN OF THE

by W. MAC

Sketches by J. S. Goodall

IN the days when the British Empire was a living force, the centre of the world to all Britons at home or abroad was Piccadilly Circus. Although it has changed greatly as the years roll by, it still remains the hub of the universe—not only for the inhabitants of those places which were once colonies but are now members of the Commonwealth, but also for millions of foreigners as well. Americans, despite their pride in Broadway, always fall under the lure of Piccadilly Circus and Piccadilly itself.

It may be that the curious name intrigues them—with its much disputed origin—but there is no doubt that nowhere else in the world does there seem such magnetic force as this comparatively small place engenders. Nowhere else does the pulse of life seem to beat more strongly than around that small and comparatively new portion of London which lies under the domination of Eros on his fountain.

It was when Eros arrived, in 1890, that the real power of Piccadilly dawned, although Londoners took little notice of him. (There was a general idea that he was Mercury.) But it was a very different Piccadilly Circus from what it is to-day. It was a wonderful place—either in summer or in winter. For it was an age of leisure and graceful living, when there was no hurry, wealth galore and good manners.

At all seasons of the year Piccadilly and its circus had its own charms, and at the turn of the century the lovely, gracious sweep of Nash's Regent Street was still there. It was gay in the summer sunshine, with gleaming carriages and silky horses. The internal combustion engine had not got control, and the horses' hooves from carriage or bus or the swiftly-moving hansom cabs, made a symphony of London. The shops had window-boxes dripping with flowers and they had striped window blinds. Their windows were dressed with rich materials and with a modesty unknown to-day concerning ladies' underwear. The glare and glow of electric light and chromium was missing. These shops kept open for long hours and they did a wonderful trade.

There was much colour about the street. The buses were not a uniform scarlet but of many hues, according to their route, and youths in scarlet coats rather like Russian jackets wove about between the vehicles as they kept the streets clean and tidy. They were called Street Orderlies.

Around Eros was a great bank of colour—a serried mass of flowers which scented the air, which was not filled with petrol fumes. At the base of the God of Love sat the flower girls of the Circus, real London figures speaking the Cockney argot and giving marvellous value, either for cut flowers, bouquets or button-holes. Many men wore button-holes in those days—mostly Parma violets, those dainty blossoms so seldom seen to-day. The fact that the flower girls—called girls by courtesy and not on account of their age—were marooned on their island amid the traffic daunted nobody. Although the traffic was considered remarkable then, you could with a minimum of care cross the road in perfect safety. Piccadilly and the Circus had a special charm at Christmas-time. Christmas in London in late Victorian and Edwardian days had a particular atmosphere all of its own. It was, of course, a time for shopping, for the purchase of Christmas presents, but Christmas had not become the purely commercialised season which it is now. It did not begin in September, it started in mid-December. It was Christmas proper and not a long-drawn-out attempt to sell goods. The streets were not decorated as they are now, but the shop windows had their own special arrangements.

Piccadilly at Christmas-time was crowded. Ladies descended from their broughams, the liveried footman opened the door, the fur-coated and cockaded coachman on the box held the perfectly matched pair in control. The lady swept across the pavement and into the shop. She was greeted by a most imposing figure of a man in a frock coat, with the deportment of a Turveydrop and the manners of an ambassador. Bowing towards her he ascertained her needs, he preceded her like a procession of one, to the necessary counter. He placed a chair with a flourish and then he boomed in a resonant baritone or bass voice: "Miss Jones forward please." And Miss Jones, the neatly-attired assistant in a black dress, hurried forward. In those days the customer was always right. Nothing was too much trouble, she had to be satisfied. Shop assistants had a pretty hard life; they were on their feet for hours at a time and yet they seldom lost their patience and hardly ever their courtesy.

The lady, when satisfied, would sweep out of the shop with somebody to carry her purchases, which the footman would take over, while the lady stepped with grace into her carriage, having told the footman to tell the coachman where to drive next. Street traders might try to catch her notice and introduce their puppies and small dogs, but, as a rule, the footman dealt with them. The lady never carried her own parcels. She would be wearing sables, and a wonderful gown with a long skirt which must not be defiled with mud. So a commissionaire stood by with a basket-shaped contrivance which he put over the wheel in case her ladyship's skirt should touch it. She wore a large hat, often bedecked with stuffed birds or imitation flowers, and she glittered with jewels, discreetly displayed. She used her own subtle perfume, and her feet, hardly seen, were shod with

THE CENTRE OF THE WORLD

QUEEN-POPE

dainty shoes with Louis heels. Around her ankles, not too freely displayed, were flounces of lace petticoat.

The men wore their clothes with style and ease. They were all properly attired. At Christmas-time, tall hats were predominant, and overcoats dark—more elderly men had fur-lined and fur-collared overcoats, many with Astrakhan collars and cuffs and military frogs across the front. They all wore gloves: to appear without them in the West End was simply not done. The bowler hat was sometimes worn and usually with a lighter form of overcoat. Shirt collars were of white linen, ties never gaudy and mostly decorated with a tie-pin. Boots were black; sometimes with light uppers and patent leather below.

Those who wanted refreshment would turn into the long Bar of the Criterion Restaurant. That bar has vanished now, but it was the microcosm of London itself. You met all sorts and conditions of men there. The evening was the best time to visit it. The bar was long, as its name implied, it was colonnaded with arches and each arch was a mirror which reflected the lights and the life. The ceiling was a succession of curved recesses, also richly decorated. The place was warm, lit by great radiant lamps which shed a glow. Many palms added touch of green to the prevailing old gold and mosaic.

You could stand at the bar and have your drink or drinks, in which case you were served by barmaids who appeared never to change. They did, but it would not have been observable to the ordinary eyes of the casual customer. They were always the same type, tall women of immense self-possession and terrific efficiency, who served their customers like lightning and never seemed to make a mistake. Despite their constant activity they always had an ear for what their customers wanted to tell them. So many were regulars and old friends. Those women wore black silk dresses and white linen collars, and they all seemed to have considerable masses of fuzzy hair.

You could sit at tables, in which case waiters attended to you, wearing short evening coats and long white aprons. They gave speedy service—you never had to give an order twice—and they appeared to hear a request called to them in a hubbub of sound as they passed by and always to remember it and bring it with speed. The air was blue with tobacco smoke, yet it never seemed to be. It was very much like the atmosphere of an old-time music-hall and just as friendly. But those waiters and barmaids knew their customers and could distinguish between the sheep and the goats. And there were indeed a few goats. For here were indeed all sorts. Men of real standing and wealth, soldiers in uniform, music-hall artists, the racing fraternity, actors, journalists, all went to make up the crowd in the Long Bar of "Cri." And there was always a proportion of "evidence men" on the look-out for the country cousin or the rich colonial, who was "seeing life."

There was perfect order. It was a male preserve. Women, either accompanied or unaccompanied by men, were not served at all.

If you were in search of a snack, there were no milk bars or coffee bars, but there was Appenrodts—the delicatessen shop on the Haymarket corner. There you got every form of delicatessen—served either at the counter or at tables—the finest quality at a popular price.

Neither Piccadilly nor Piccadilly Circus was very lively in the morning—although at Christmas-time there were far more shoppers than at any other season. It was midday before life reached its real flow. In the afternoons you would see family parties guiding small groups of little people through this hub of the West End. They had looked in the shops. They had been given lunch, and now they were *en route* to the great treat—a visit to the St. James's Hall to see the Nigger Minstrels or to the Egyptian Hall to see Magic in Excelsis.

Both places are gone now. The St. James's Hall disappeared when the Piccadilly Hotel, begun in 1905, took its place. The St. James's Hall had two sections. The upstairs portion was used for classical concerts and public meetings and the lower hall, below ground, by the Minstrels. On one occasion there was such a noise in the top hall, caused by a meeting addressed by Mr. Gladstone, that the burnt-cork performers down below had to send up a protest!

The St. James's Hall had been London's home of minstrelsy since 1859. The proud boast of the Minstrels was that they never sang out of tune or out of London. The first was true, the second not quite so accurate; they did occasional short tours. But their entertainment was unique. They sat round in two tiers—with the comics—"the corner men"—at the corners and "Mr. Interlocutor" in the middle. Boys with black faces, broad Eton collars and white gloves provided sentimental ditties which drew tears; the tenors, baritones, basses contributed suitable numbers; the cornermen cracked their jokes, asked their riddles, banged their tambourines and clattered their "bones" to everyone's delight. The second half was a feast of dance, song, harmony and a screaming farce at the end.

The Egyptian Hall stood on the south side of Piccadilly. This place of magic had seen the London debut of the famous dwarf, General Tom Thumb. But for the youngsters at the turn of the century it was Magic that mattered. Here was the home of Maskelyne and Cook—later Maskelyne and Devant—who dealt in "magic and spells."

That new marvel, the moving pictures, was on view. Trains dashed full-tilt and scared spectators; wonderful and amusing chases took place. But the high spot was the little play which ended the performance—*Will, The Witch and the Watchman*—in which Maskelyne and Cook performed their celebrated cabinet trick.

When night fell and the lamp-posts shone and twinkled with their golden gas, Piccadilly showed its real self. The pavements were crowded and the streets were full. Carriages and cabs were taking well-dressed people out to dine, sup or to the theatre or a ball—their lamps shining in endless rows like a procession of glow-worms A richer, easier, far less terrifying life thronged Piccadilly than it does today. Although Piccadilly alters in appearance it remains the same in spirit.

THE OLD AND THE NEW AT SWINDON

The Story of a World-renowned Railway Workshop

On left—
A replica North Star, *with some of the original parts, occupies a place of honour above the assembly line for the new diesels in the Swindon works of British Railways. Originally intended for the New Orleans Railway of the United States,* North Star *was purchased by the old G.W.R. and used for inaugurating the Paddington-Maidenhead line in* 1838

THERE is a legend on the Western Region of British Railways that is supposed to be told to every apprentice when he enters Swindon Works to begin his training.

On the night before nationalisation, so it is said, every senior executive on the old G.W.R. solemnly charged his glass, then as the sun set, he toasted the memory of Isambard Kingdom Brunel, the G.W.R.'s famous engineer, with the words: "We who are about to die salute thee!" Whether the story is true or not is of little account, for the fact remains that of all the railway regions, the Western more than any has retained its proud spirit of independence. To the craftsmen of Swindon especially, the G.W.R. tradition lives on, and although no foreman erector as yet claims to have seen the ghost of G. J. Churchward, the G.W.R.'s celebrated Chief Mechanical Engineer, everyone who works at Swindon is well aware that his illustrious spirit is still very much alive! Swindon Works were opened in 1843 during the regime of Sir Daniel Gooch, another noted Chief Mechanical Engineer. Much of the stone used to build the works was obtained from the boring of the Box Tunnel, so Swindon was built to endure, as were the superb locomotives produced there with such loving care.

As each Chief Mechanical Engineer succeeded, the "breed" of G.W.R. engines remained the same, to such an extent that any locomotive enthusiast visiting Swindon Works for the first time can tell at a glance that the old *North Star*, of which a replica with some of the original parts stands in "A" erecting shop, belongs to the G.W.R. family.

North Star was intended for the New Orleans Railway of the U.S.A. but was purchased by the G.W.R., who used her at the public opening of the line between Paddington and Maidenhead in June 1838. She drew the first train and gave an extremely satisfactory performance. What is even more important is the fact that she won instant acclaim from the engine-spotters of the day who apparently bestowed on her "their eager attention."

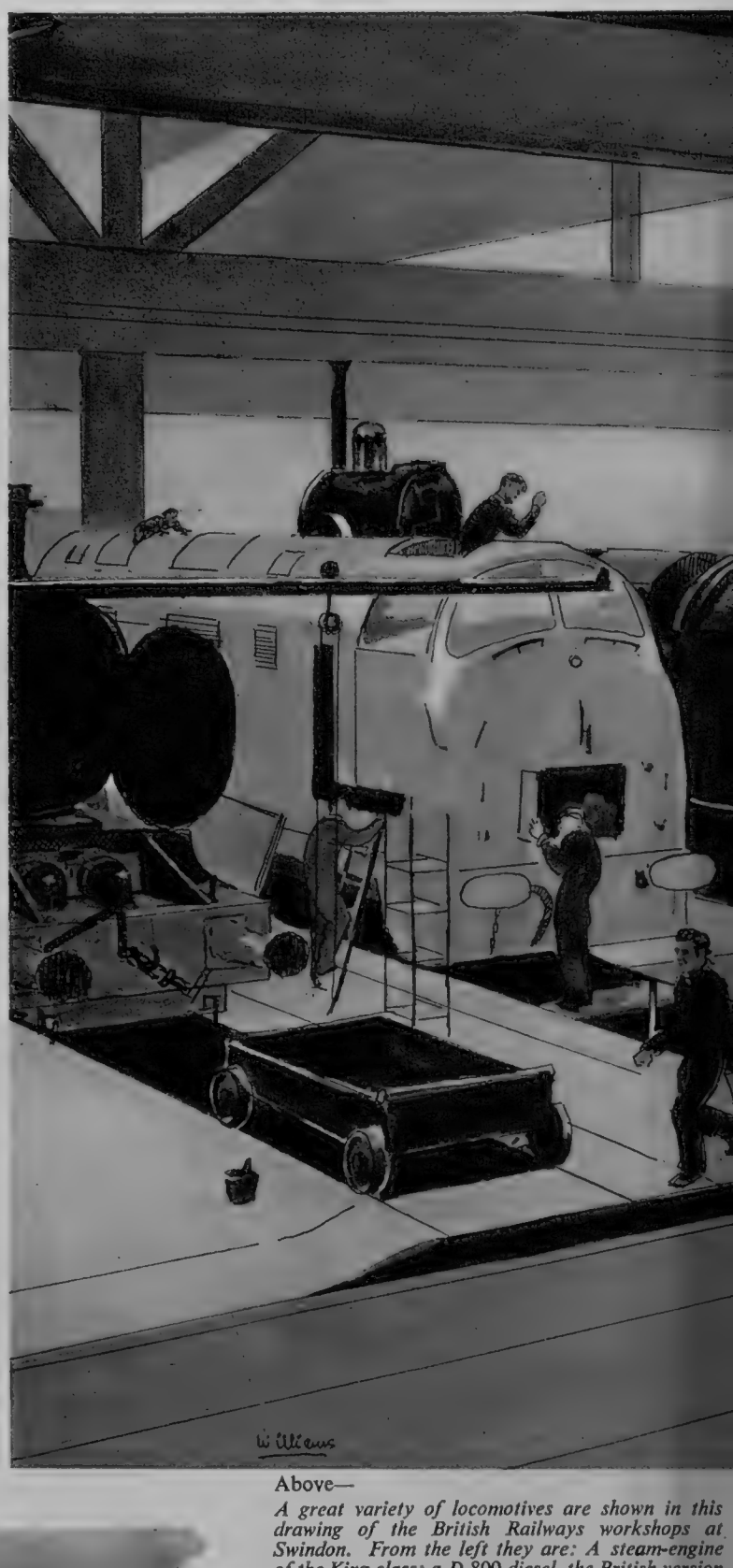
It was G. J. Churchward, however, who made Swindon engines famed for their efficiency and beautiful lines all over the world. Saints, Counties and Stars, they were all classic members of a line of locomotives whose amazing exploits are still talked about whenever railwaymen congregate. Among them was that loveliest of express engines, the *City of Truro*, the first engine in the entire world to exceed 100 m.p.h. and this as far back as 1904. *City of Truro* touched 102.3 m.p.h. on May 9 that year and that evening Swindon Works to a man drank her health and that of the great G. J. Churchward in pints of strongest ale.

How lovely they were to look at, those aristocratic engines of Mr. Churchward, with their tapered boiler, gleaming brasswork and shining, highly-polished copper rim around their chimneys. No wonder when the first of the County express locomotives was broken up, that the fitters of "A" shop laid posies of flowers on her as a token of their admiration and respect.

Happily, the *City of Truro* still survives. In a quiet shed is the peerless Churchward 4.6.0 Express engine *Lode Star*. No one has the heart to break her up, for after all she is a thing of beauty created by locomotive constructors; time and again had she not brought the Ocean Mail from Plymouth to London at an average speed of more than 60 m.p.h. and taught the "Yanks" what high speed really meant.

Eventually, Mr. C. B. Collett succeeded Mr. Churchward at Swindon in 1921, but the thoroughbred line with its unmistakable characteristics continued in his "Kings" and "Castles."

Near the entrance to Mr. Churchward's office at Swindon, a train headboard is preserved bearing the magic words "Cheltenham Flyer World's Fastest Train." Those who travelled on the express before the last war had a memorable experience. Often it was *Launceston Castle*, driven by that master driver J. W. Street, which pulled the "Flyer" from Swindon to Paddington, 77¼ miles, in well under the scheduled time of 65 minutes. Now the "Kings" and "Castles" are slowly yielding pride of place to a new family being born at Swindon, a fact that has caused considerable distress to every true lover of the steam-engine.



Above—
A great variety of locomotives are shown in this drawing of the British Railways workshops at Swindon. From the left they are: A steam-engine of the King class; a D-800 diesel, the British version of the German Federal Railways V-200; the replica of the old North Star*; a North British diesel under repair; a Castle; a Hall; a County suspended, and a Grange. All the steam-engines have a* 4-6-0 *wheel arrangement except the* North Star.

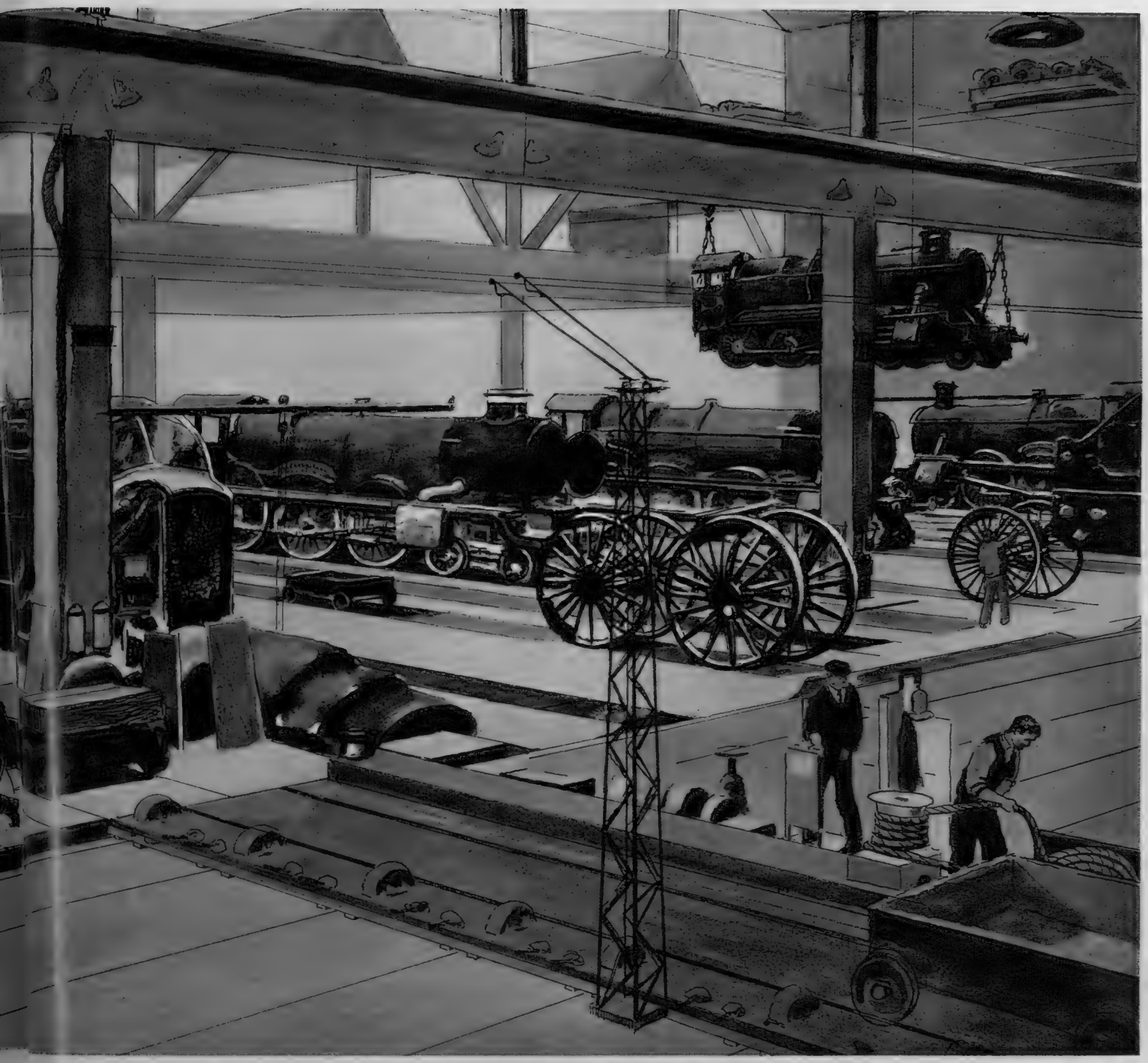
Sketches by Chester Williams

On left—
Behind a new diesel in the workshops is a 1400 *class engine. These latter are small tank engines with an* 0-4-2 *wheel arrangement, and they are mostly used for working branch passenger lines. The class, which was first built in* 1932, *was originally known as the* 4800, *the numbering being changed later.*

Down one side of the huge main erecting shop is an assembly line devoted almost entirely to the construction of diesel hydraulic express engines. With their smooth flowing lines and modernistic "cockpits" in place of the traditional locomotive "cab" they look at first sight like strange creatures from another world. Then, on closer examination, "the Swindon breed" becomes apparent in every inch of the 2,300 h.p. body of these engines of the future. Already such magnificent revolutionary machines are hauling *The Cornish Riviera*, *The Mayflower*, *The Royal Duchy* and other equally fast expresses. Every day they speed the crack Bristolian Express from Paddington to Bristol and vice versa in the amazing time of 100 minutes for 118 miles with plenty in hand.

At intervals along the assembly line, King, Castle, Hall, Manor and "new" County class engines are given heavy repairs after they have completed 70,000 miles for a King and 80,000 for Castles and Halls.

From time to time a huge "King," weighing some 90 tons, is lifted like a reluctant



by one of four powerful overhead electric cranes and swiftly conveyed to some ...ic point down the line. Each of these cranes can lift 100 tons and has a span of ... One has the feeling that these " Kings " and " Castles " do not altogether approve ...r new diesel neighbours and one can almost hear seathing remarks being passed ... " parvenus."

...owever, the diesels would have no reason to feel slighted by such sarcasm. For ...e the crown princes who will soon occupy king steam's throne. Known as the ...ip class, they bear such honoured seafaring names as *Avenger*, *Cambrian*, *Benbow*, *Albion* and *Formidable*. Although they have been " on the road " only for a few ...s, they have already made railway history.

...bow made its debut on June 15 this year, covering the 118 miles from Paddington ...tol in 93 minutes, 7 minutes less than the standard diesel time for the run. From timings taken in the train the fastest speed was 95 miles an hour. Strictly speaking, *Benbow's* time only equalled a record. In 1904 the G.W.R. ran an " Ocean Mails Special " from Paddington to Bristol in 93 minutes. But trains in those days were lighter and tracks were not so heavily occupied as they are to-day. What really counts is consistency, and on that point it is generally regarded as certain that the diesels will always prove superior to steam.

If indeed Mr. Churchward's ghost, or that of the great I. K. Brunel, in his stove-pipe hat, an eternal cheroot drooping between his lips, should ever stalk through Swindon Works at dead of night this Christmas Eve, they would both be well pleased and very proud, since in every one of these streamlined monsters they would find the inherent Swindon " handmade " look that they themselves always demanded and wholeheartedly obtained from all who worked for them.

John Steel

On left—

The locomotive on the left is one of the Manor class. The Manors are 4-6-0 *engines designed by Collett at Swindon in* 1938 *and employed on mixed traffic. Thirty of them are in use on the Western Region. A diesel is on the right.*

On right—

A frame for a new diesel hangs above a steam-engine which is one of the most treasured exhibits at Swindon. The 4-4-0 City of Truro *achieved a speed of* 102.3 *m.p.h. on May* 9, 1904, *while pulling a mail train from Plymouth to Bristol. It was the first time any locomotive anywhere in the world had exceeded* 100 *m.p.h.*

ST. GEORGE FOR ENGLAND: The Village of Portofino— An English Association With Italy

One of the most attractive places on the Gulf of Genoa is the village of Portofino. Fishing-boats lie in the harbour against a background of gay houses at the base of a wooded hill. On Christmas Day some worshippers may make their way to the little church of San Giorgio, high above the village towards the Capo di Portofino. This church has particular associations for English people, for it is reputed to contain the relics of St. George. They are said to have been brought to Italy from the Holy Land by Crusaders.

The martyrdom of the saint at the beginning of the fourth century, probably at Lydda, on the orders of the Emperor Diocletian, is generally accepted as fact. Almost everything else about him is myth. The slaying of the dragon is related in the *Golden Legend*, but it should be noted that killing a dragon is an exploit attributed to many saints and heroes in Oriental as well as early Christian literature. The dragon story was included in the office books of the Church in the Middle Ages and not formally removed until the sixteenth century. St. George became recognised as Patron Saint of England under the Norman kings.

Another religious building of historical interest near Portofino is the monastery of La Cervera, on the coast road to Santa Margherita. Here Francis I of France was held prisoner in the winter of 1525 after his disastrous defeat at Pavia. A century and a half earlier Pope Gregory XI had rested there on his journey from Avignon to Rome, which ended the exile of the Papacy from the Vatican.

Picture by J. Allan Cash

"THRONED ON HER HUNDRED ISLES"

A Portrait of Venice, her Canals, Buildings and Churches

THE RIO SAN ZAN DEGOLA

Behind the façades of the public buildings of Venice, along the Grand Canal, lie mazes of small canals, bridges and narrow streets. With an average width of only 4 or 5 yards, the rii, or minor canals, are spanned by over 300 bridges in brick or stone. One of these canals is the rio San Zan Degolà, a contraction in the Venetian dialect meaning Saint John Decapitated

THE ISLAND OF SAN GIORGIO MAGGIORE

Standing on a separate islet is one of the most conspicuous churches of Venice. The present San Giorgio Maggiore was rebuilt in the late sixteenth century by Palladio, with a campanile dating from 1791. Its elegance is set off by the sparkling water, lapping at its foot

On left—

PIAZZA SAN MARCO

Part of Venice's share of the booty from Constantinople, the horses, made of hand-beaten copper in the time of Alexander, look out across the Piazza, with people feeding the pigeons in bright sunlight. As in Republican days, the pigeons of St. Mark are fed at the public charge, but never refuse extra offerings

THE REGATTA ON THE GRAND CANAL

Surrounding the ornately carved main gondola, the fleet of smaller boats moves down the Grand Canal from the Rialto Bridge

"THRONED ON HER HUNDRED ISLES"

THE RIO OF SAN TROVASO

In the Zattere (the series of quays lining the broad canal of the Giudecca), one of the busiest canals is San Trovaso, much used by gondolas and motor-boats

VENICE FROM THE AIR

Winding through Venice in an S-bend is the Grand Canal, leading to the wide canal of the Giudecca. On the other side from left are San Giorgio Maggiore and La Giudecca, a southern industrial suburb occupying eight islands. Extreme left centre is the Piazzetta, marked by the tall campanile, with the Doge's Palace and the old library. Standing on an archipelago of 117 islets, Venice is built 2½ miles from the mainland. Its canals and narrow streets appear to follow the last stretches of the Medoaco, which wound amid the mud and shoals of the lagoon

Below—

THE FEAST OF THE REDENTORE

A brilliant cascade of fireworks illuminates the shadowy gondolas floating on the still water. The feast of the Redentore is the most popular of the fêtes. Taking place on the third Sunday in July, the feast is marked by a bridge of boats uniting the Zattere and the Giudecca. Its vigil is celebrated with aquatic concerts and fireworks

THE LIDO FROM THE AIR

re than sixty years the most fashionable seaside resort in Italy, consists of a group of luxurious hotels and villas bordering the long, sandy beach, which is divided up into sections

—

CAMPO SANTA MARIA FORMOSA

canals, spanned by bridges, mark out the square, on one side ch is the church of Santa Maria Formosa, with a baroque panile. The façade facing the canal is late sixteenth century

Swan Lake: *The Swan-Princess is danced by Dame Margot Fonteyn*

THE ROYAL BALLET

The Film of the Art of the Dance at Covent Garden

Dr. Paul Czinner regards it as tragic that many of the greatest stage performances should be lost when the final curtain comes down. With a view to preserving such performances and introducing them to audiences who might never otherwise have the chance of seeing them, he decided to make a series of films. His first, which won international acclaim, was *The Bolshoi Ballet*. This year his second film in this series, *The Royal Ballet*, has been finished.

The cameras were taken to Covent Garden and for two Sundays and for one night after the normal performance had ended the theatre was turned into a film studio. Eleven cameras were employed and shooting time was no more than 24 hours. A feature film of this length would usually take three months to make.

Three ballets were chosen for the film and together they are a representative selection of the art of the dance. *Swan Lake* (of which Act II is recorded) is probably one of the most popular pieces in classical repertoire. It was first produced in 1895 and Tchaikovsky's music has a soft enchantment. Igor Stravinsky's *The Firebird*, which is also a classic, contrasts with this in the excitemer

On left—
The Firebird: *Prince Ivan (Michael Some catches the Firebird (Margot Fonteyn) whe gives him a magic feather*

Ondine: *The Water-Sprite (Margot Fonteyn) has the title-role in the Ashton-Henze Ballet*

score. The third ballet is modern and con-ary. *Ondine* has music by the young German Werner Henze, whose work has been influenced avinsky and by Schoenberg. The choreography ne Frederick Ashton. The ballet had its world wh e at the Royal Opera House in the autumn year.

stars are Dame Margot Fonteyn—it is the first e has made a long feature film—and her accomplished partner Michael Somes. In *Swan Lake* Fonteyn is the Swan-Princess and Somes Prince Siegfried. In *The Firebird* Fonteyn has the title-role and her partner is Prince Ivan. Again *Ondine* provides her with the title part and Somes is Palemon, who is torn between his love for a woman, Berta, and for a water-sprite, Ondine. Ashton has freely adapted the story *Undine* by the German Friederich de la Motte Fouqué, which was published at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Many musical works have been inspired by this tale of tragedy and Ashton has followed Debussy and Dvorak in preferring the French *Ondine* for his title in place of the rather harsh-sounding German trisyllable.

Other leading dancers of the Royal Ballet appear in the film, including Julia Farron, Rosemary Lindsay, Alexander Grant, Franklin White and Bryan Ashbridge. The film has been made in colour by J. Arthur Rank Productions.

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The City of London, from the Terrace of Somerset House, by Canaletto. This view was painted by Canaletto when he was in England between 1746 *and* 1755. *In the distance can be seen St. Paul's Cathedral and the spires of churches in the City. At that time, before the Victoria Embankment was built, the Thames was much wider; until* 1864 *the water lapped at the foot of Somerset House.*

CANALETTO IN LONDON

Pictures of a Vanished Capital

When the War of the Austrian Succession halted the Grand Tours indulged in by the English noblemen who had bought many of Canaletto's paintings in Venice, the artist decided to visit England, in particular to paint the wide sweep of the Thames with its busy shipping trade. He arrived in 1746 and lodged at a house in Silver Street, Golden Square; it is now No. 41, Beak Street and a Greek restaurant. The son of a scenery painter, his early life was spent in the execution of elaborate Baroque vistas for operas in which perspective and the illusion of vast spaces were emphasised.

Later he broke away from the elaborately fanciful to concentrate on the particularised scenes of Venice, bathed in clear light and full of lively detail. But there were periods when his painting became more mannered; at times under the cold luminous English light, the figures were puppet-like and static. London never looked a more civilised city than in these pictures, a selection of which were to be seen in the exhibition at the Guildhall Art Gallery in London earlier this year. So different did these paintings seem to contemporary English critics that some alleged that the artist visiting England was not Canaletto at all but an impostor.

The position was also complicated by the numbers of copies of paintings by him which were sold. Although some were painted either by him or in his studio, others were by imitators. In Italy such artists flourished down to the beginning of the nineteenth century. In England, after Canaletto's departure to spend the remaining years of his life in his native Venice, English topographical art improved to a great extent, particularly in the work of the more important of the water-colour painters.

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A view of Whitehall, looking north, taken from the vicinity of Montagu House. The whole area comprised Whitehall Palace, the area on the left being known as the Street, separated by a wall from the Privy Gardens and Grace and Favour houses. In the distance on the left is one of the Holbein Gates, and the Banqueting Hall (now the Royal United Service Museum) is in the centre.

The Theatre Royal, Haymarket. This famous London theatre, designed by Nash, was extensively rebuilt in 1820-21

Felix Kelly in London

In an exhibition during the summer at the Arthur Jeffress Galleries, in London, the New Zealand artist Felix Kelly showed a series of London Caprices, in which famous buildings are transferred to new and fanciful sites. A well-known painter of country houses, he uses a delicate precision of detail and a sometimes mischievous fancy to show hallowed buildings such as the Athenæum and the National Gallery in watery settings reminiscent of Venice. Mr. Kelly, who came to this country in 1934 at the age of seventeen, has also designed theatrical sets. The caprice has for several centuries been a device favoured by painters. Canaletto executed a series of them, including one of Eton College Chapel situated in rustic surroundings.

The Athenæum. Built in 1829-30 *by Decimus Burton, this famous club in Pall Mall was erected during the period when clubs superseded the coffee houses of London*

HARLEQUINADE AT CHRISTMAS

Grimaldi, Idol of the London Public and One of the Greatest of Clowns

by PRIMROSE ROSTRON

THE audience quivered with expectancy. The drums and 'cellos of the orchestra drowned the chatter of the children, as the curtain rose. On capered white-faced clowns in patched motley, the heirs of Arlecchino, who led the Italian Harlequinade to England some two-and-a-half centuries ago. John Evelyn wrote in his diary of September 29, 1675. "I saw the Italian Scaramouche act before the King at Whitehall." He was referring to the Neapolitan actor, Tibero Fiorelli, who, dressed in the black coat of a Spanish grandee, his face disguised by a black mask with fierce eyebrows and moustaches, had captivated the Court of Louis XIV.

Harlequin wore a close-fitting suit, patterned with bright silk diamonds and decorated with frills and ruffles. His head was covered by a soft cap with a hare's scut and his eyes hidden by a black cat-faced mask. He carried a wooden lath or "slapstick" which, when tapped lightly on the floor or wall, served as a signal for the transformation scene to begin. Seventeenth-century Harlequin assumed various roles, the romantic magician, the comic or the lover. He was accompanied by Clown, carrying a neat's tongue and black pudding, who answered all Harlequin's questions thus:

Mind neither good nor bad,
Nor right nor wrong.
But eat your pudding, shave,
And hold your tongue.

In 1677, an Italian Harlequinade opened at Drury Lane and Dorset Gardens. Their success caused much jealousy among English actors who retired to Oxford.

The Italian Merry-Andrews take their place,
And quite debauched the stage with lewd grimace.

commented Dryden.

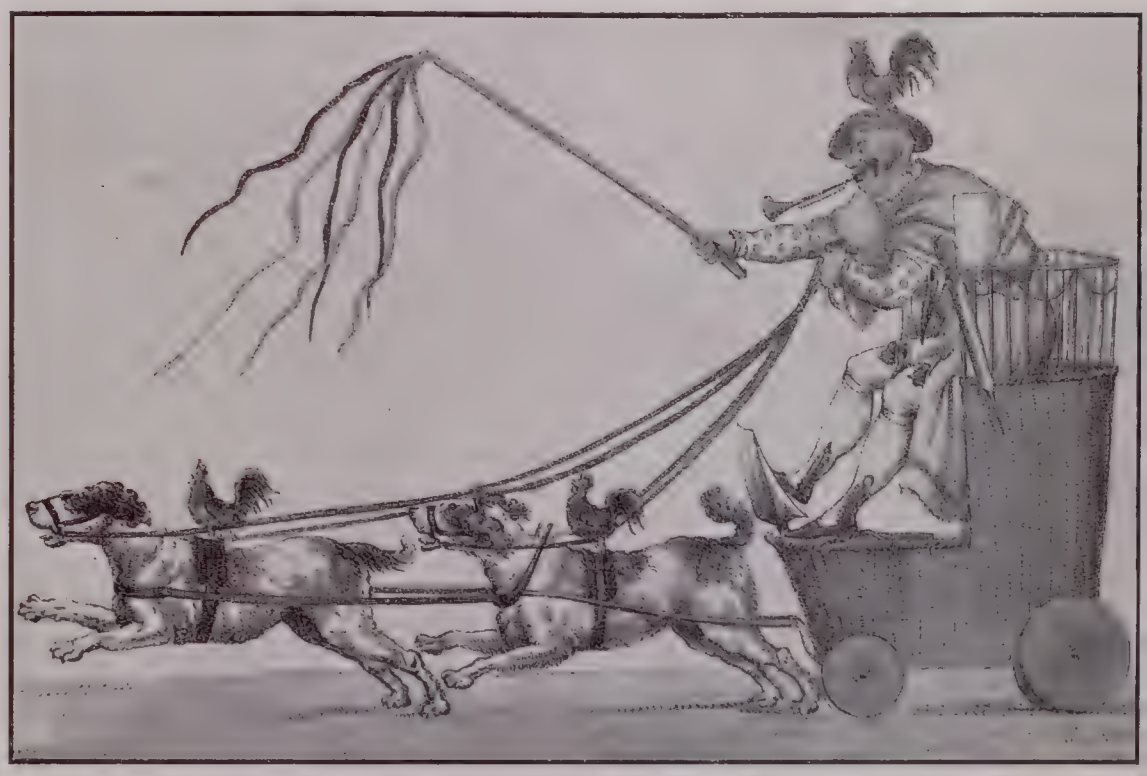
In 1717, the *Daily Courant* advertised the performance of a Harlequinade, executed in Italian Mimic Scenes, put on by John Rich, the actor-manager, who billed himself as LUN at Lincoln's Inn and Covent Garden. Rich kept Harlequin's rascality alive. In his day the Harlequinade was the backbone of pantomime. There would be a short piece, a farce or an operetta called the Opening, which ran for about half an hour. Then up from a trap popped Harlequin and with his magic sword transformed all the players into the characters of the Harlequinade, which ran for the rest of the evening.

Such was the scene when Grimaldi was born into a theatrical family in London in 1778. He became one of the greatest of English clowns, first appearing in public in *Harlequin Sorceror*. At eleven he was earning 25s. a week and he rapidly became the idol of the London public. Each Easter Monday, Sadler's Wells opened its doors—

There were drolls, hornpipe dancing & showing of postures,
With frying black puddings and opening of oysters.

Playgoers paying sixpence for a seat received a pint of port or punch. A shelf ran along the back of the pit to hold glasses, ham, chops and pasties. Easter 1800 found Grimaldi in Harlequinade eating pies and sausages as he chased Columbine through the comic adventures in *Peter Wilkins*. *The Times* pronounced the entertainment excellent.

At Christmas the Drury Lane Harlequinades were very successful. *Harlequin Amulet* ran for thirty-three performances. It was revived the following year, 1801, and attended by George III and Queen Charlotte. The King, wearing a tight general's uniform, "laughed almost to suffocation at Grimaldi eating sausages." He must have been irresistible! Clown was becoming the chief character in the Harlequinade, toppling Harlequin, the reigning King of Pantomime, off his throne. Grimaldi's success continued throughout the Regency. Covent Garden audiences saw the Enchantress turn Colin and Colinette into Harlequin and Columbine. Grimaldi would step forth in red frilled shirt, blue and white breeches, and red triangles daubed on either cheek.



Grimaldi's tandem in the comic pantomime of the "Golden Fish"

He satirised Brummell and the fops by donning a chimney pot for a hat. A miller's sack became white duck trousers, a girl's shawl a fancy waistcoat and a cellar-door ring an eyeglass. Romeo Coates, the eccentric West Indian millionaire, was burlesqued in the *Golden Fish*. Grimaldi fashioned a coach and horses from two dogs, a cradle and four cheeses for wheels. He drove across the stage blowing on a tin trumpet and waving his be-ribboned stick. He was Joey the Clown, a familiar figure to audiences ever since.

Easter 1809 saw him at Sadler's Wells, with hands apart and knees together singing:

Town's full of sweet soles & sour crabs,
And enough fools to flounder in season.
And at Billingsgate beauties like dabs,
That's a pretty plaice in the sprat season.

Six years later, as Napoleon planned to escape from Elba, Grimaldi was singing in *Harlequin Whittington* at Drury Lane:

London now is out of town,
Who in England tarries.
Who can bear to linger here,
When all the world's in Paris.

But the most famous of all his songs was "hot codlins" (apples), which he sang at Covent Garden in 1819. It was sung for the next thirty years, even after Grimaldi's retirement in 1823.

A little old woman her living she got,
By selling hot codlins, hot, hot, hot.
And this little old woman who codlins sold,
Tho' the codlins were hot, she felt herself cold.
So to keep herself warm, she thought it no sin,
To fetch herself a quartern of . . .

"Gin," yelled the audience.

Two years later, 1825, the *Ladies' Magazine* commented on the Christmas pantomimes. Sadler's Wells had put on *Harlequin Cymraeg or The Living Leek. A Welsh Legend.* The entertaining tricks included a chest of glass, a bull's head, a barber's queue, a powder-puff with a chair and an umbrella made into an elephant with Pantaloon seated on its back. In *Harlequin Wizard and the Dwarf* at the Adelphi, two Harlequins amused the audience, one slim and lively, the other fat and stupid. But the greatest draw of all was at Drury Lane, where Harlequin appeared as Jack of all Trades.

George Cruikshank's picture of Grimaldi singing "When all the World's in Paris"

During Queen Victoria's reign fairy tales became the mainspring of pantomime plots. The Harlequinade grew less important, finally dwindling away to an advertising medium, midway or after the grand finale. The heroes were chapbook personalities, like Robinson Crusoe or Aladdin, who in the 1860's gave the name of Widow Twankey to his mother, while tea-clippers from the East raced home with cargoes of "twankay." Prince Charming was now played by women and the Dame by a man, a topsy-turveydom handed down from Ancient Rome, when at the Saturnalia the sexes exchanged clothing. The last Harlequinade at Drury Lane was in the pantomime *Cinderella*, at Christmas 1919-20. Few under fifty have seen a Harlequinade.

Wayside shrine in the Dolomites

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THE TURN-AGAIN BELL *by Barry Perowne* (*concluded from page 21*)

along, hands deep in his coat pockets, his shadow slanting on the snow, he was about halfway to the crossroads, when he heard a bell in the church tower clang once, loud and clear.

The Rector stood quite still, listening. About him was the white glimmer of snow and starlight. All was silent. He felt the measured, slow thumping of his heart, and his mouth was dry. He turned slowly and looked back at the church on the knoll. The tower was a square, black block against the stars.

He continued to look up at the tower as he walked back to the church. He went up the slope of the path, where the snow was shovelled back in banks to either side. He paused for a moment outside the west porch, under the tower, then he opened the door, stepped inside, stood listening in the darkness. All was still.

He took his flashlamp from his pocket, opened the heavy, creaking door to the right, shone the ray of the flashlamp on to the four bellropes. The sallies hung motionless above the worn flagstones.

He went in and, shining the flashlamp upward ahead of him, climbed the ladder up into the belfry. He shone the torch round over the bells with their headstocks, stays, grooved wheels that took the ropes. The bells swung in ancient iron-and-timber frames, and one of these had partially collapsed. The bell hung askew, with its clapper against the rim.

The Rector nodded to himself. From the cellar to the belfry, he thought, there were things that needed urgent attention. The bells hadn't been rung for a long time as they had been rung to-night. This was the result.

He climbed down the ladder. As he closed the porch door behind him, and started home again, he thought ruefully of the power of legend. He had known very well, from the sound the bell had made, just what had happened. Yet he had felt that dryness of the mouth, that thump of his heart, that start of sweat in his palms——

He turned to the left, at the crossroads, and he felt exactly those things again. A sports car, glimmering red against the snow, was tilted in the ditch, one wing and headlight smashed, the headlight glaring into the hedge.

He felt a clutch of fear. "Iris?" he said. He ran forward, clumsily, slipping in his heavy rubber boots on the ruts frozen in the snow. "Iris?"

But it was a man in the car. The top was up, and he was a shadow sitting behind the wheel. "It's all right," he said. "It's not Iris. It's Colvey. This door's jammed and the other one's wedged against the hedge. Nothing like a real good skid to make your knees and spine feel like wet string. I've been sitting here, all snug, till I felt like making the effort to force this damned door open. If you'll just give a good yank from outside and I give a shove from inside——"

They got the door open and Colvey ducked out. He swayed. The Rector caught him by the arm. "Are you all right?"

"Perfectly," Colvey said. "I'm not hurt. And I'm not drunk. Not now, anyway. Though I've been having a drink with a few friends. My own car's in the doubtful hands of George Hann, at the garage, so Iris said to use hers, she was going out but would just as soon walk. Very handsome gesture by a daughter. And now I've turned the apple of her eye—or *one* of the apples of her eye—into another job for George Hann. Not a very handsome gesture by a father, I fear."

He was not entirely sober, in spite of what he said. He probably had spent the evening trying to drown the thought of the wedding from which he had shut himself out.

He looked along the road. "My God!" he said. "Look at those skidmarks in the snow—two or three hundred yards of 'em, all over the road. It's damned lucky you weren't walking along here to your Rectory gate ten minutes earlier. You'd have been hit for six. You'd have had it, Rector."

The Rector felt that dryness in his throat. "And you'd have killed a man while you were drunk in charge of a car," he said. "I wonder how you'd have felt about it—through the years? I wonder how Iris would have felt about it?"

Colvey turned on him with sudden violence. "You parsons!" he said. "What's this—a sermon? It didn't happen, and a miss is as good as a mile. Leave it at that."

"Gladly," the Rector said. He looked at the long, raking skidmarks in the snow, at the tilted, red car with its single headlight glaring into the hedge. He said slowly, "But I think you should know, Colvey, *why* it didn't happen—*why* I wasn't walking along this stretch of the road to my gate at precisely the time your car hurtled along here, skidding from side to side, completely out of control. You see, I was halfway to the corner there when I heard something that made me turn and go back to the church."

"You heard something?" Colvey said.

"I heard a bell ring," said the Rector, and there was a wonder in him—"of its own accord."

They stood there on the road, looking at each other, with the whiteness of the snow all about them, and the world asleep.

"There's some old legend," Colvey said, "about a bell that——"

"I climbed up and looked at the bells," said the Rector. "They were rung to-night as they've not been rung for a long time. The result was a partial collapse of one of the iron-and-timber frames—and the bell rang."

They looked at each other in silence.

"D'you think anybody else heard that bell ring?" Colvey said, after a moment.

"I think it most unlikely," the Rector said. "I think only I—the Rector—heard the bell that rang, at Christmas, of its own accord. According to the legend, of course, that makes this my last Christmas. I was saved for my last Christmas. And, of course, it may well be my last Christmas. Yours, too. And anybody else's. Regardless of legends. We don't know—any of us. But at least it's in our power not to make ourselves and others—people we love—needlessly unhappy. You know what I'm talking about, Colvey."

"Yes," Colvey said. He turned, looked at the car, and shrugged, almost jauntily. "Well, seeing what I've done to her car, I suppose the least I can do is——" He stopped. "No," he said, in a different tone. "No, I'll walk up the aisle with Iris's hand on my arm—but not because of the car."

The Rector nodded. "I know." He felt as though a weight had been lifted from him. "The only thing is—I'm afraid we shan't be able to manage a full wedding peal, in the circumstances."

Colvey looked at him with a sudden smile. "I'll make allowances," he said—"in the circumstances." He reached into the car, switched off the headlight. "The car's well clear of the road. I'll leave it where it is and get along home now. I'll telephone George Hann in the morning. Good night, Rector."

"Good night," the Rector said. "Happy Christmas, Colvey."

"Same to you, Rector."

The Rector stood peering after Stephen Colvey until he was gone, then walked back slowly to the church. In the darkness there, with the drifted snow outside making the stained-glass windows glimmer faintly, he knelt for some time in one of the pews.

Then, as he was there, he went halfway down the cellar steps. He felt warmth from the cellar, saw that it was lighted with a dim, red glow.

So finally, at peace with himself, this one of the many Rectors the parish had known walked on home, and the small, flint-built, eleventh-century church, on the knoll overlooking the common, was left alone in the wide, white silence under the stars.

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CHRISTMAS IN MID-ATLANTIC *by Alan Villiers* (*concluded from page 37*)

W. S. Lindsay has recorded that in the seven years ending in 1853, no fewer than sixty-one ships were lost in this Atlantic passenger trade. In 1854 alone, nine were lost, five of them out of Liverpool.

One of these, the *City of Glasgow*, went missing with 430 souls aboard, nothing of whom was ever afterwards heard or seen. Another, the *Tayleur*, went up on Lundy Island in a vicious gale while trying to beat out of the Irish Sea, and drowned 330. The *Black Hawk* and the *Winchester* went down in a gale with all hands. The ship *Powhattan*, with a full complement of German emigrants who had travelled to Liverpool to join her, was thrown up on the coast of New Jersey in an April gale and, though she was within less than a hundred yards of low water-mark on the Barnagat beach and the people could hear and reply to shouted suggestions as to how to land, the sea soon swept right over her and not a single person aboard came ashore alive.

Yet emigrants continued to come forward at the average rate of considerably more than 100,000 a year from the United Kingdom alone, the great majority of them to try their fortunes westwards in the United States and Canada. The very great majority succeeded and brought over more relations. In 1854, for example, Britons already settled in the U.S. and Canada remitted the best part of £2,000,000 sterling back to the United Kingdom to buy emigrant passages for their relatives, by packet or any other sort of vessel available. No wonder business was good! Only the well-to-do could afford first-class passage in the saloon aft, and they did not emigrate. But by then the packet was finished. The steam-engine and the iron ship were bound to win.

British shipowners developed the Atlantic liner early, and, in 1854, Cunard was already a power, with plenty of rivals. The great steamship was well suited to the Atlantic ferry run for the cream of the passenger business, and, fostered by good management on the part of far-seeing owners such as Samuel Cunard, it soon cut into the sailing-ships' trade heavily. Passengers soon wanted to know when they would arrive, not just when they might sail. American owners, having for a time at least undoubtedly developed the finest sailing packets (where the exclusive Californian trade helped them), made the mistake of sticking to sail and dropped behind in the liner race, to stay behind.

Other nations developed splendid Atlantic steam passenger services. Merchant Shipping Acts and Passenger Acts on both sides of the Atlantic spelled the doom of the tramp emigrant-carrier and Atlantic packet alike. Softwood clippers, such as the glorious Donald Mackay ships—*Lightning* and all the rest of them, were diverted to the Australian trade, where conditions on so long a run had to be improved and the coal-consuming steamship could not at first compete. Softwood ships wore themselves out quickly in the Cape Horn as in the Atlantic run and, once gone, they were not replaced. The advance of the steamship was implacable. The glorious pyramids of shapely canvas, borne high aloft over able and sweet-lined hulls, had had their day.

Beautiful as they were and, on the whole, magnificent ships, their graceful hulls transported much courageous misery. To take passage by any of them, packet-ship or tramp emigrant-carrier, was a feat of endurance which few would face to-day. They served their purpose, perhaps, in periods of potato famine and the clearances, and the like: but their going was not mourned. It took later generations to think of forming ship-lovers' associations—much later generations, with no fear of having to face such conditions at sea again and good prospect of enjoying Christmas pleasantly ashore. Christmas in the North Atlantic came at a bad time and, like as not, in the middle of some awful gale. It was a mighty fine time to be ashore and, indeed, it still is.

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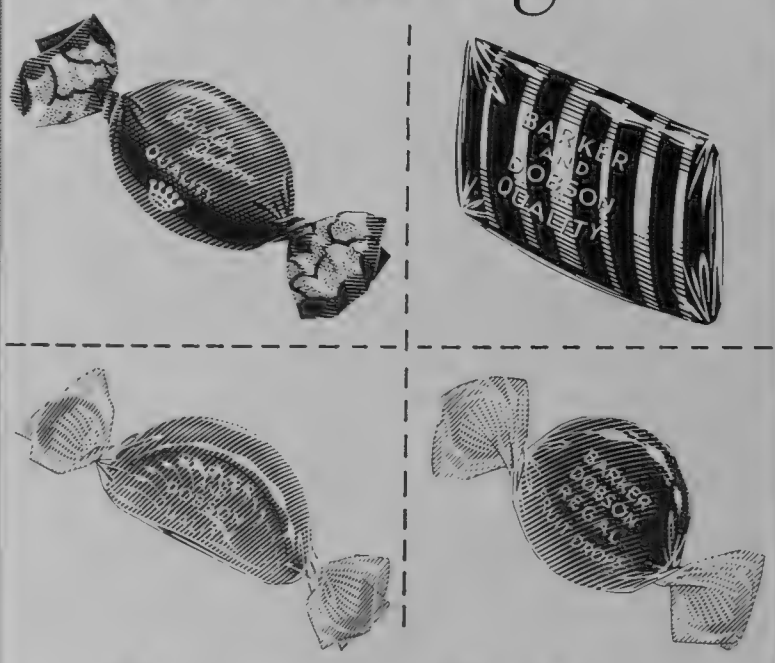

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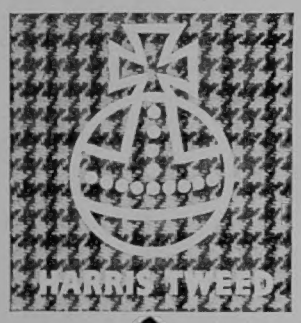

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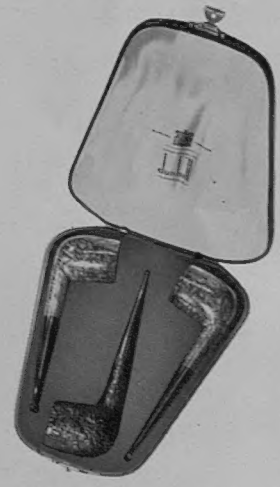

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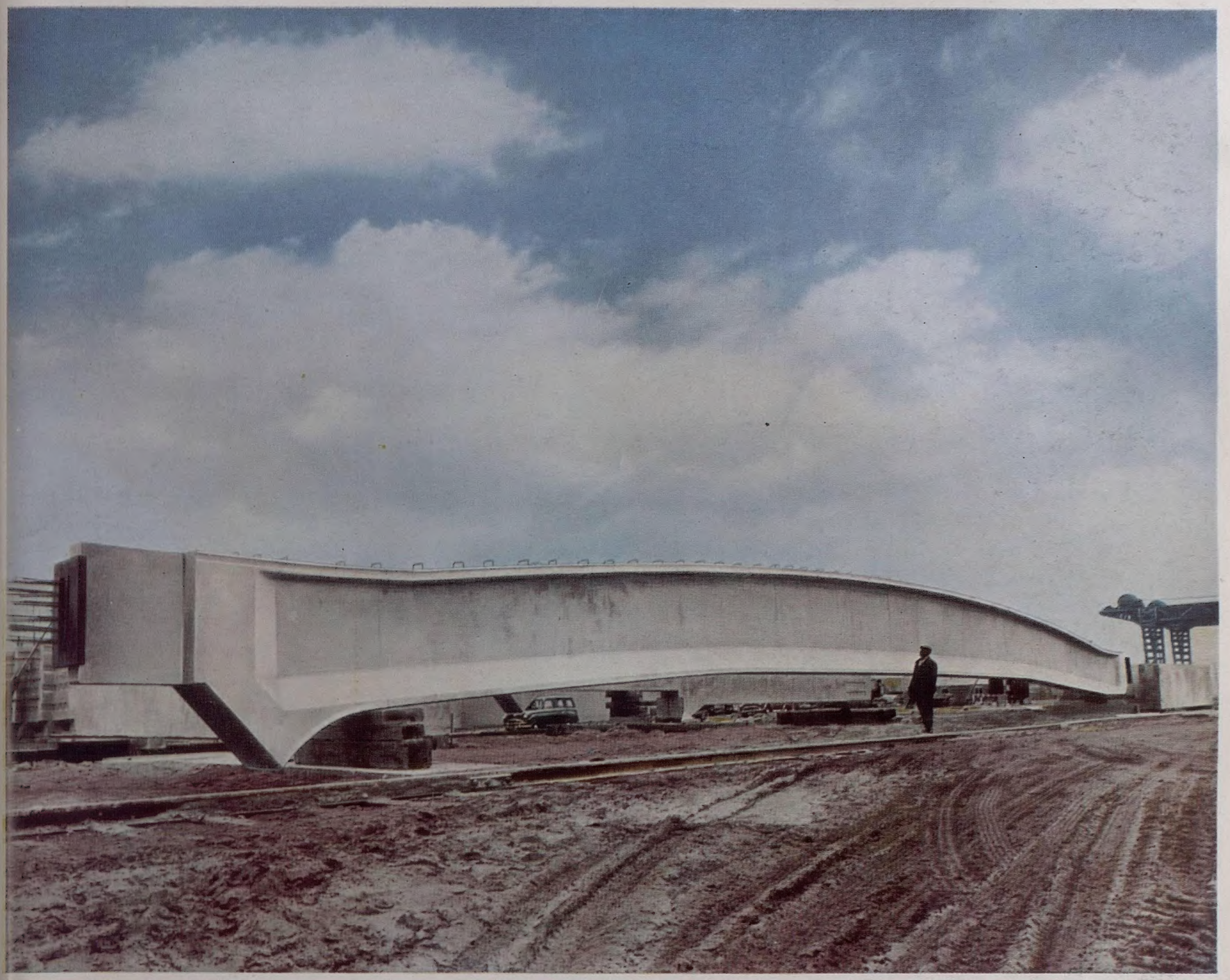

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